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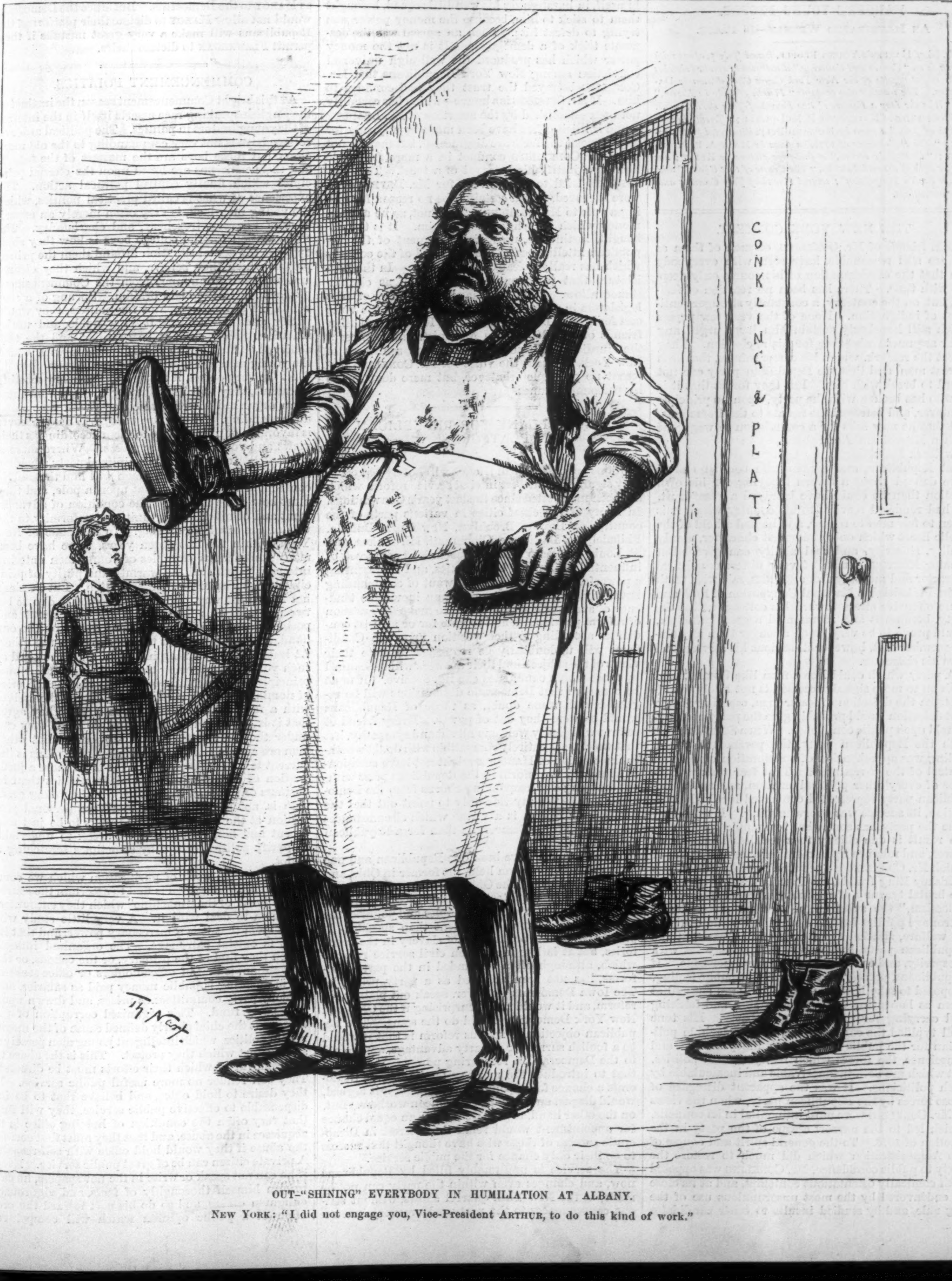


OUT-"SHINING" EVERYBODY IN HUMILIATION AT ALBANY.

NEW YORK: "I did not engage you, Vice-President ARTHUR, to do this kind of work."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 16, 1881.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

An Illustrated Fourth-of-July Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly. *It contains an engraving from a picture by* Miss Cornelia W. Conant, *entitled*

"MENDING THE OLD FLAG,"

with a spirited Ballad by Will Carleton; *and an engraving from* S. J. Guy's *painting,*

"THE SPIRIT OF '76,"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 88 *of* Harper's Young People, *issued July* 5, *opens with an article on "Canoes and Canoeing," illustrated by spirited sketches of the recent regatta of the New York Canoe Club, drawn by* Davidson. *The number also contains "Fourth of July in Kerim," and "Was the Day a Failure?" two Fourth-of-July stories, by* W. O. Stoddard *and* Katharine R. McDowell; *"Jeremy Black's Fourth of July," a poem by* Howard Pyle, *illustrated by the author; "The Bell-Ringer of* 1776," *a poem by* Mary A. P. Stansbury; *"Grandpa's Drum," a full-page picture by* Kelly; *one chapter each of the serial stories, "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation"; several Fourth-of-July Comics; and other attractions.*

THE NEW YORK CONTEST.

THE friends of Mr. Conkling, or such of them as are still reasonable, have seen with everybody else that the condemnation of his course only deepens with time. There has been no reaction of feeling, but, on the contrary, a constantly stronger sentiment of indignation. None of the very few papers which still hopelessly sustain him have urged any valid argument whatever for his re-election. They repeat the remark, which his career refutes, that he is a great man, and that the Republican party can not afford to break with him. But they forget that it is he who has broken with the party, upon no principle whatever, and betrayed the Senate to the Democrats, and that he now asks for a commission to wage war with a Republican Administration in the name of New York Republicanism. Charles Sumner was a great Republican, and a man who could no more have danced about a tavern lobbying for his own election than he could have betrayed a great trust. He had rendered services to his country which it is given to few men to render, and he had a hold of the public heart which only the purest character, manly fidelity, sincerity, and real ability can give. But Senator Morton, a man of very different political character and morality from Sumner, said with truth at the Philadelphia National Convention of 1872, and in no offensive strain toward his colleague, that the party, because it still represented a great principle, would prove to be very much stronger than any single member of it, however illustrious his services and pure his character.

A party which could lose a man like Sumner and push on to more signal successes, is not likely to suffer from the defection of lesser men, especially when that defection would probably give the party a stronger hold upon public confidence. When Sumner broke with the Republican party, the paramount public feeling was apprehension of a restoration of ex-rebel control of the government. That fear took precedence of every other political emotion, and as the Republican party represented continued loyal administration, its success was overwhelming. If since that time the party has somewhat lost public confidence, the result is due chiefly to a reckless insolence of power, and reliance upon mere party organization, of which Mr. Conkling is a peculiar representative. The Whiskey Ring frauds, the Post Tradership scandals, the brutal tyranny of the party machine, the rise of "Bossism," the substitution of mere personal and patronage politics for those of principle and the public welfare, startled the country with fear that the Republican party had waxed dangerously fat with prosperity, and that a change was indispensable. If Republicans, perceiving the current of public feeling, proposed to take heed of it, Mr. Conkling sneered at them as lamenting other people's sins, and fetching and carrying for the Democratic party. His tone well typified the contempt felt by the machine politician for the public intelligence, independence, and conscience, the forces which really control politics, but which are both inconceivable and incalculable by such politicians. It was the apparent disregard of those forces by the Republican party, when the views of Mr. Conkling were most influential in its councils, which led to the narrow escape of the party in the election of 1876. To the general spirit and course of the Administration which did much to restore the party to public confidence, Mr. Conkling was opposed with comically ostentatious contempt, and at its close he endeavored by the most unscrupulous use of the gag rule, and by studied insults to other candidates in the Convention, to secure a return to the situation which had almost caused the overthrow of the party. Baffled in that purpose, he had no course left but to quarrel with the new Administration if he could not control it, and trust to his machine in New York to support him.

Nothing would now shake public confidence in the Republican party more than Republican approval of Mr. Conkling's position. In the present political situation, when the fury of party is very much relaxed, and public attention is directed to economical, efficient, and honest administration, there is peculiar distrust of mere "Boss" methods; and if the party should declare that it desired the ascendency of what is known as "Conklingism" in the government, it would lose a respect and support which are indispensable to its prosperity and success. Mr. Conkling himself, in haranguing his wan little squad, besought them to stick to him, because the money power was trying to defeat him. Such an appeal was the desperate trick of a demagogue. It is not the money power which has produced the well-nigh universal conviction among New York Republicans that Mr. Conkling betrayed the trust they had confided to him. If Mr. Sessions is a knave—which has certainly not been established by the assertion of Mr. Bradley—and if illicit offers have been made by anybody for any purpose, the facts are disgraceful, but they do not place Mr. Conkling's conduct in a more favorable light, nor justify his betrayal of a trust. That Mr. Sessions tried to buy a vote for Mr. Depew, even were it proved, would certainly be no reason for giving a vote to Mr. Conkling. It is not, as he alleges, money which is trying to defeat him. It is the unbought, instinctive, universal judgment of the Republican intelligence of the State and of the country which has really defeated him already. In the Legislature that judgment expresses itself as circumstances allow. Whatever may be the motives of some legislators in voting, there is no doubt that the votes cast for Messrs. Depew, Wheeler, Rogers, and other friends of the Republican Administration represent the sturdiest and soundest Republican sentiment of New York, and that the votes for Mr. Conkling represent no principle whatever, but mere devotion to his personal fortunes.

A GOOD PLANK FOR REPUBLICAN PLATFORMS.

We hope that in preparing for the autumn Conventions our Republican friends will not overlook the very significant interest in civil service reform which has been manifested since the last year's Conventions. In many of the chief cities in various parts of the country, as Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and St. Louis, there are already associations composed of influential citizens of both parties, and representing a powerful sentiment. In the want of commanding issues dividing the great parties, an inevitable tendency of such associations will be to make the question of reform paramount, and to vote for or against candidates according to their position upon it. Candidates will undoubtedly be requested to state their views of the subject, and their answers will be scanned by those whom candidates can not deceive. It must be conceded that Democratic declarations will be regarded with some doubt, as those of Republicans would be were they out of power. Every friend of reform will gladly welcome all aid and sympathy, but that welcome is entirely compatible with doubt whether the election of Hancock might not have occasioned a loud cry for reform in the Republican press without arousing a corresponding chorus from the Democratic side. We say this only to point out that the demand for reform is a virtue which circumstances make easier for a Democratic than for a Republican Convention.

Thus far there have been one Republican and one Democratic Convention held, the former in Ohio, and the latter in Iowa. The Ohio Republicans spoke very briefly, approving protection of American labor, and re-affirming the historical principles and policy of the party. This is more convenient than specific. It plainly covers the prohibition of slavery in the Territories, but it is less lucid upon civil service reform, which, although often demanded in the party platforms, has not been accepted as a party principle. The Iowa Democrats, however, speak out plainly for reform, and it would not be surprising if the Ohio and New York Democrats should do the same. The Republican objection to serious reform is that it would be a foolish surrender of party advantage, and an aid to the Democrats in recovering power. It is urged that to introduce the merit system is to give Democrats a chance for appointment, and that, it is argued, would disgust and alienate Republican workers. But, on the other hand, to give Democrats an equal chance for appointment would relax the interest in Democratic success of those who have thought that success to be their only chance for the public service.

The service is presumably filled by Republicans now, and changes even within the party can not be made, as the New York quarrel shows, without serious consequences to the party. Moreover, since reform is to be accomplished, it must be either by some existing party, or some new one. The true Republican policy is to adopt a movement which is natural to the free and intelligent and progressive instinct of the party, and for which public opinion is rapidly ripening. All that has been actually accomplished in the reform of methods—and it is much, despite all skepticism—has been accomplished under Republican auspices. The reform, so to speak, is naturally Republican. The ludicrous **Flannegan** of Flannegan's Mills, it must be confessed, is a Republican, although not a Republican leader. But his famous question, "What are we here for, if not for the offices?" is merely a reproduction of the famous phrase of Mr. Marcy, one of the ablest of Democratic chiefs, "To the victors belong the spoils." Flannegan, in this respect, is not so signal a discredit to the Republicans as Marcy to the Democrats. But since the Democrats would not allow Marcy to dictate their platforms, the Republicans will make a very great mistake if they permit Flannegan to dictate theirs.

COMMENCEMENT POLITICS.

At this bright Commencement season the instinct of the English-speaking race asserts itself in the interest of the young orators in politics. The political ardor of college boys is not very commanding to the old managers, but those boys are the masters of the future, and their criticisms are based upon the eternal principles which finally control political action. The experience of what is called practical politics, which the young men lack, is very often merely an experience of knavery, treachery, and charlatanry. The real question for the college boys is how they shall apply to the actual situation around them the principles in which they believe, and which they clearly and eloquently announce from the Commencement platform, or in the class oration. Sprung of a race which has a peculiar genius for politics, they would purify and elevate it. It is a noble and useful ambition. How shall it be gratified, and the task achieved? This is the actual question with which the young men must deal.

At the very outset, if they go to a primary meeting or caucus, they will immediately discover that there is an organized interest which acts with a common understanding. This interest they will next discover is favorable or unfavorable to them according as their views and votes favor its purposes. Where there is a completely equipped and disciplined party machine, as in New York, the young men will find themselves confronted with Gessler's hat upon a pole, and they must bow or be broken. The condition of advancement and of official opportunity is conformity to the will of the machine or ring. In the State of New York, within the last dozen years, there have been many conspicuous examples of young men entering into politics with all the warmth and purity of principle which inspire the college oration. But Gessler's hat barred the way. They were forced to choose between courageous fidelity to their convictions and postponement of a public political career on the one hand, and running with the machine on the other. At least a dozen striking instances might be cited of such young men turning their backs upon their own principles, and surrendering to the ring as the price of nomination or election. They excuse themselves with a familiar and simple sophistry. They agree that it is bad, but that men must do what they can under the circumstances, not supposing that other men are angels, nor that earth is heaven. This is the current talk of "Bosses." But it is no more a justification of disregard of principle in politics than in business or in social intecourse. If the young graduate is not strong enough to refuse personal promotion at the cost of what he thinks to be just and decent and honorable, he is too weak to undertake to purify politics, except by sometimes scratching a ballot.

The practical work of purification which we commend to the young men is first to ascertain the source of the power of the "machine" which they encounter, and then to deal with it. A very little study will show them that it is a mercenary power, and that its basis is official patronage. The organized interest which they find at the primary, or the caucus, or the convention, is that of office-holders or office-seekers. Its mainspring is public money paid as salaries, and used by party committees as prizes, and drawn upon as a party fund. This organized corruption of patronage is the chief clearly defined cause of the meanness of politics, which intelligent young men perceive, and against which they protest. This is the abuse to the removal of which their efforts must be directed. They can render no more useful public service. If they desire to hold office, and believe that to be indispensable to effective public service, they will find that very often the condition of holding office is to acquiesce in the abuse, and that they must first correct the abuse if they would hold office with self-respect. A private citizen can be of great public service. Even if he can not speak or write in the newspapers, he can inform himself thoroughly of facts, and vigorously enlighten others, and so do his part toward the creation of a public opinion which will compel reform. In this way the young graduate eager to purify politics can reduce his principles to practice, and the class orator may become a practical patriot.

NEW YORK IN SUMMER.

Twice a week ten or a dozen huge steamers depart for Europe, carrying hundreds of passengers who are flying for a summer vacation. Morning and night and at intervals during the day long trains roll out of the city, bearing thousands of citizens upon the same quest. New mountain houses and sea-shore resorts are constantly opened for the summer visitor, and according to the old saying, the town will presently be entirely out of town. But "the town" is a small number. Those who remain are the great multitude, and the chance for their comfort is the important question. No great city in the world is more favorably situated for coolness than New York, at the head of the broad bay opening from the ocean close at hand, and flanked by two broad rivers along which draws the cool air. The city, too, even at its broadest point between the rivers, is not very broad, and it gently declines toward them, so as to provide admirably for drainage. A decent municipal government would make it one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. But it may be said of New York, from the point of view of government, as of Ceylon's isle, that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

The busy citizen who can not escape from the city may wisely begin his course of resignation by reflecting that living in a farm-house or boarding cheaply by the sea is pleasure bought at a great price of many kinds. Farm-houses have been known to be warm and stuffy, and their pies and bread to be doughy, and their flies and mosquitoes many. The cheap houses by the sea, full of people in small rooms, and with a table designed more for the emolument of the host than the refreshment of the guest, are not attractive, although the ocean air be pure, and the ocean view magnificent. The citizen who can run from his modest room in town to Coney Island, and dine *en prince* once in a way, or take his cream or his cobbler by the dashing surf, need not envy the cheap sea-side quarters. But there can be no doubt that for a person of moderate means, who is satisfactorily or fairly quartered in the city, the city is preferable to the ordinary country accommodation. He must accept, indeed, the occasional smell and the dead heat. The vast mass of brick and stone becomes saturated with heat, and the night is not able to overcome it. But there are the friendly showers from time to time, and they restore the equilibrium.

For the citizen of immoderate means the case is different. Yet even the bachelor may well doubt whether Saratoga or Newport, except for a visit to a friend, or any other enticing resort, offers him more than his comfortable town rooms, his club, the best restaurant, whichever it be (we are much too wise "to name names"), and his dinner and night at Manhattan Beach, or wherever he will. There is no time when familiar household and domestic comforts are more comfortable than during the summer, and the ingenious student of society, as he saunters along the stately streets of spacious and deserted houses, may well wonder whether the absentees have found as much comfort and coolness as they have left, and whether, living in trunks and narrow rooms, they do not sometimes wish themselves back again in the lofty chambers. We have not observed that the Windsor and the Brunswick and the other New York hotels of English names advertise themselves as summer resorts. But there could be less desirable summer quarters than a room at the top of the Windsor, with the ready and convenient access to the neighboring beaches.

A BRITISH CONFEDERACY.

The long Irish debate has renewed the old question whether some kind of imperial confederation and local home rule among the various sections of the British Empire is not practicable. This was the hope of Flood and Grattan, but it is not the plan of the modern Irish leaders. They hold with Parnell that the great evil is the rule of one nation by another. The Irish theory is that Ireland is a nation distinct from England in race, in language, in religion, in tradition; that there is and has been conquest, but that national union is forever impossible. Sound statesmanship, therefore, requires a recognition of this immutable truth, and an abandonment of all claims, conditions, and situations which are incompatible with it. This is the Irish view, and it is frankly declared by Parnell to be the real objective point of the agitation. It is because this is understood, and because every concession to the Irish claim is felt to be a weakening of the imperial power of England, that the Irish movement seems to many sincere Englishmen to be the merest treason, contemplating the overthrow of the empire.

The local home rule project is a compromise. In its simplest form it proposes that the various provinces of the empire—Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, the West India Islands, India, and all other British possessions—shall each manage its own local affairs, and each be represented in an imperial Parliament for the management of the common interests. Under the circumstances, this would be simply the division of the present British Empire into various states, which should enter into an alliance for the defense of each by all against a foreign foe. Stated in this way—and it is a perfectly fair way—the project is seen to be of almost insuperable difficulty. Would the states of such an alliance be the judges of the violation of its conditions? Would they be at liberty to withdraw from the alliance? Would they enter into it as sovereigns with an equal voice, like the American colonies in the Confederation, or might the power of the whole be used to reduce a refractory member? Would the dissolution of the present empire precede the formation of the alliance, or would the existing Parliament ordain the terms of the compact, as Louis XVIII. granted a charter to France? Such questions as these follow the suggestion of a system of home rule, in the American sense of the term, and not one of them has been answered. Why should Canada, for instance, wish to change its present relations to England by assuming its proportion of the expense of the army and navy? And although the English-speaking colonies would perhaps bear their share of the common expense of a war for English principles, and to resist perilous aggression, why should Cape Colony wish to pay for a scientific British frontier in Turkestan? The existing British Empire has all the incongruities of every British political institution, but it works better than any arbitrary reconstruction would probably work.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of local legislation both for Ireland and England of which the imperial Parliament might be well relieved; and to this end some local legislature in Scotland and Ireland, such as already exists for colonial purposes in Canada and Australia, might be advisable. Probably Parliament would not attempt to hold by force any colony that might declare its independence; but Ireland and Scotland are not colonies. They are virtually integral parts of the seat of the empire. Home legislation for them would be substantially nothing more than a kind of municipal legislation, and that, of course would not satisfy "the immortal Parnell" and his friends. While separation is out of the question, the relation of Ireland to England and Scotland should be made equable. That is the policy which every friend of Ireland and of British unity can support. But a peaceful political separation of England and Ireland is now absolutely impracticable.

CONWAY'S "CARLYLE."

Mr. Moncure D. Conway's *Thomas Carlyle*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most interesting books which the death of that eminent thinker has called forth. The author enjoyed peculiar facilities for the work. Introduced to Carlyle through a letter from Emerson in 1863, Mr. Conway was most cordially received at Chelsea by the philosopher and his wife, and was a frequent guest at their hospitable fireside. He was also invited by Carlyle to share his long afternoon walks; and to the very last his relations with the family were cordial and intimate.

With the man still vividly before him, Mr. Conway has written out his memories and notes of the interviews and conversations which took place at the memorable house at Chelsea and during the pleasant walks through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. He has taken nothing from other publications which have appeared since Carlyle's death, but has endeavored to faithfully reproduce the impression made upon him by the living man. If Mr. Conway's portrait of him in no way coincides with the impression produced by the *Reminiscences*, the reader may not be unwilling to judge with Mr. Conway that the "outcries of a broken heart" should not "be accepted as the man's true voice," and that "measurements of men and memories as seen through tears" should not be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment.

In addition to his delightful personal reminiscences, Mr. Conway prints a large number of hitherto unpublished early letters of Carlyle to Thomas Mitchell, Thomas Murray, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Basil Montague, B. W. Procter, and other friends, which form a most agreeable contrast to the sombre and cynical utterances of his latter days. The volume is embellished with portraits and views; and it will doubtless be welcomed by American readers, as it well deserves to be, as the most interesting and satisfying account of Carlyle's life and work that has yet appeared.

OUR NEXT NEIGHBOR.

"Your statesmen will have to study Canada," said Goldwin Smith to a reporter, just before sailing for Europe. His talk was very interesting and suggestive. Canada is prospering and active, he thinks, but she can not be fully prosperous until she is commercially united with the continent of which she is a part. The Beaconsfield Jingo policy of "imperializing" Canada has failed. The Pacific railway system was designed to connect the four Canadian sections from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific, so that interior communication should be independent of the United States. The completion of the system, Goldwin Smith thinks, would be a crisis in the destiny of the two countries.

Politically Canada seems to him to have some advantages over us. The perfectly independent judiciary is a great benefit, due to the non-elective system of appointment. Contested elections "are tried by the judges, and with unimpeachable fairness." But Mr. Goldwin Smith says that he has seen the decision of a contested election in our House of Representatives by a party vote, which was as bad as anything in the most corrupt days of the British House of Commons.

There is no "exodus," but a constant and natural emigration, from Canada to the United States—the movement of population toward the centre of wealth. It is time, he says, to be cautious about immigration into Canada from England, especially of mechanics from the purlieus of great cities. The desirable new population is English and Scotch farmers with a small capital. Canada, Professor Smith thinks, has every reason to speak well of Lord Lorne and the Princess personally. Their social influence has been good, and the gossip about her absence is silly. Altogether Goldwin Smith speaks hopefully of Canada, but with a strong conviction that whatever her political connections may be, there should be the closest commercial relations with the United States.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in his novel, *A Gentleman of Leisure*, gives a good sketch of a certain set in New York which appropriates to itself the title of "Society." "Society" appears to be a curious mixture of old Dutch family, broker, man of income, horse man, good fellow, and two or three varieties of women. Club life is frequently introduced into the book, and members of the "Union" will probably recognize allusions to certain rooms and halls in that structure where the elderly and the youthful solace themselves with good dining and wining, and discourse of horse and stock. On the whole, Mr. Fawcett, who is a member of the "Union," has presented one of the best sketches we have had of that style of life.

—The late Asa Packer and Thomas A. Scott were probably the richest men who have lived and died in Pennsylvania. Each left an estate valued at about $10,000,000. The late Stephen Girard, who died in 1831, the richest man of his time, left an estate of $9,000,000, nearly all of which he bequeathed to charitable institutions in Philadelphia, and to the college bearing his name. Precisely the amount of Colonel Scott's estate will probably remain unknown to the public, as he directed in his will that no inventory of it should be filed in any public office. Pennsylvania has several millionaires. Prominent among them is William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who is named at $10,000,000. Mr. Hostetter, the bitters man; A. J. Cassatt, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railway; Mr. Wightman, the quinine manufacturer; Mr. Dobson, the carpet manufacturer; and Mr. Disston, the saw manufacturer, are also put down as millionaires.

—According to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of June 18, the Rev. Dr. Conkling, pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, of New York, now on a visit to San Francisco, is a fortunate parson. After a successful pastorate in Philadelphia, he was called, twelve years ago, to the Rutgers Church, where he is equally successful and popular. A wealthy Episcopalian lady, who became interested in his preaching, is said to have been very bountiful to him and his family. She sent him, his wife, and daughter to Europe, paying the expenses of their trip. On his return he found that she had bought and furnished a house for him at a cost of $70,000, and presented to Mrs. Conkling $100,000 in government bonds.

—Secretary Kirkwood, who has just appointed a brother of Bright Eyes to a clerkship in the Indian Bureau, did so to familiarize him with Indian affairs, that he may hereafter be utilized as an Indian agent. Last year a descendant of the famous chief Logan was appointed to a similar clerkship, and has acquitted himself creditably. Indeed, the employment of Indians in the different departments of the government has been uniformly attended with good results.

—It is just fifty years since George D. Prentice left his native State of Connecticut, and went to Louisville, Kentucky, where he became editor of the Louisville *Journal*, and made it a power in the West and Southwest. From that time to the present its growth and prosperity have been uninterrupted. The *Courier-Journal* building of to-day is one of the largest, as it is architecturally one of the finest, in the United States, and the paper now celebrates its semi-centennial by appearing in quarto form, with other typographical improvements, and printed on a new press, which it pronounces to be the most perfect which American genius has yet invented. We congratulate Messrs. Watterson & Haldeman on the prosperity which produces such comforting results.

—The Schenck family of Ohio were contributors to the rank and file during the rebellion: James F. Schenck, who was retired with the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1868; Casper Schenck, his son, now Pay Director in the navy; Major-General Robert C. Schenck, late Minister to England; Colonel Egbert T. S. Schenck; Private Charles T. Schenck, killed at Vicksburg; Private Robert C. Schenck, Jun.; Surgeon Washington L. Schenck; Private Garrett Schenck; Lieutenant A. D. Schenck; Privates S. G. Schenck and James T. Schenck. Six of these were mere boys when they entered the army.

—Mr. Silas C. Herring, who died a few days since at his home in New Jersey, was a man whose name was familiar to every business man in the country. His safes have stood the fieriest of tests in many great conflagrations, and have saved from destruction millions of money, and papers of priceless and irreplaceable value. In the United States there is scarcely a town that does not contain his unburnable chests, giving comfort to the owners, whose money, bonds, and title-deeds rest securely within. Mr. Herring was a good citizen, a man of benevolence, quiet and unostentatious in his ways, and held in esteem by all who knew him.

—Mr. Thomas F. Rowland, of the Continental Works, Brooklyn, gives his employés all of Saturday afternoons, from now until September 10, as holidays, but will pay them full wages as if at work. Quite like Mr. Rowland, who is as well known for his generosity as he is for enterprise. He will be remembered as the man who in an incredibly short time built the first half-dozen Monitors for the government at the beginning of the rebellion. Mighty good work was done by those ugly little Monitors.

—Gounod has made a mild little *bonmot*. The other day he was enjoying a quiet chat in his own house with a friend, when an inhuman organ-grinder entered the court-yard, and immediately dashed into one of the maestro's sweetest melodies. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the gentle Gounod, as the first bar rent his ear, "why has such a curse fallen on composers? Can not we attain popularity without enduring this—this *calumny?*"

—The son of the late Secretary Stanton has recently married the daughter of Mrs. Phillips, the lady whom General Butler sent to Ship Island for making unpleasant remarks to Union soldiers in New Orleans.

—Mr. Matthew Vassar, when he handed over, a few days ago, the gift of the Vassar Home for Aged Men, remarked to the lady managers that the grounds were classical as well as ancestral. His forefathers from Holland purchased from the Apokeepsing tribe of Indians, in 1698, the property on which the home stands, and in 1702 the great-grandfather of the Vassars built the first house in Poughkeepsie. Providence, said Mr. Vassar, had blessed him and his brother John Guy, and they deemed it proper to do something for their fellow-men. Old men, he thought, required aid and attention, particularly those who, by no misdeeds of their own, had lost their property, and had no one to care for them. The building has accommodations for fifty inmates, is valued at $45,000, and has an endowment fund of $47,000.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1277.]

The Beautiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Macleod of Dare," "Sunrise," "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

A MESSAGE.

Captain Frank went back to Wiltshire, greatly treasuring that bit of card-board, and making it the basis of many audacious guesses at the future. Nan came home from Lewes for Christmas, and Madge was particularly affectionate toward her.

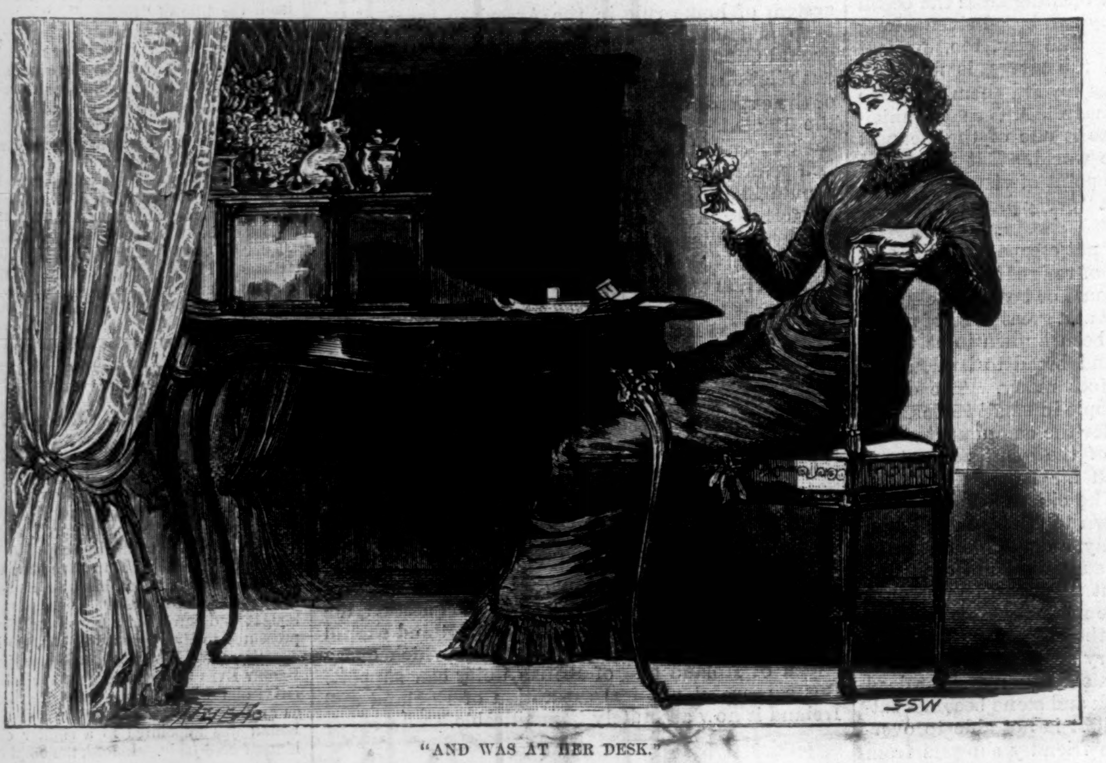
"What pretty flowers you have!" Nan said, just after she had arrived—the first time, indeed, she went into the dining-room.

"Yes," Madge answered; "Captain King sent me flowers once or twice, and some of them have kept very well. But I wish they wouldn't wire them."

Nan turned away quickly toward the window, and said nothing.

Then Tom went down to Wiltshire, and was most warmly received at Kingscourt. Also pretty Mary Coventry, who was still staying in the house, was kind to this handsome, conceited boy; and he was rather smitten; but he kept a tight hold on himself. "No," he said to himself, "I'm not going to marry any woman; I know too much about them."

He had a royal time of it altogether; but most of all he enjoyed the quieter days, when he and Frank King went shooting rabbits on the heath. It was sharp, brisk work in the cold weather, better than standing in wet ploughed fields outside woods, and waiting until both toes and fingers got benumbed. There was no formality in this business, and no ladies turning up at lunch, and no heart-breaking when one missed. Frank King was excessively kind to him. Not caring very much for shooting himself, he was content to become Mr. Tom's henchman, and they got on very well together. Further, in the smoking-room at night, these two were thrown on each other's conversation—for old Mr. King did not smoke—and it was remarkable how interesting Captain King found his friend's talk. It was mostly about Madge and her sisters; and Frank King listened eagerly, and always would have Mr. Tom have another cigarette, while he was busy drawing imaginative pictures, and convincing himself more and more that Madge was no other than Nan, and that life had begun again for him, with all sorts of beautiful possibilities in it. For he could not be blind to the marked favor that the young lady had shown him; and he had long ceased to have any fear of the shadowy Hanbury, who was skulking somewhere unregarded in the background.

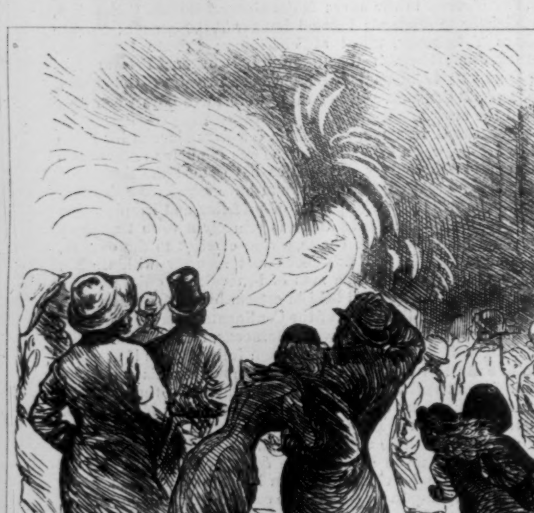


"AND WAS AT HER DESK."

At length one night Captain Frank in a burst of confidence told Mr. Tom all about it, and asked him to say honestly what he thought the chances were. Would Lady Beresford have any objection? Would Miss Margaret consider he had not known her sufficiently long or intimately? What was Mr. Tom's own opinion?

Mr. Tom flushed uneasily.

"I—well, you see—I keep out of that kind of thing as a rule. Women have such confounded queer ways. You're sure to put your foot into it if you intermeddle. These girls are always worrying people about their sweethearts—all but Nan. I wish to goodness they were all married: my life is made a burden to me amongst them."



"IT WAS A CURIOUS SIGHT."

"But what do you think, Beresford? Haven't you any opinion? What would you do in a similar case?"

"I?" said Mr. Tom, with a laugh. "I suppose I should ask the girl, and if she didn't like to say yes, she could do the other thing."

"But—do you think there would be a chance?"

"Write and see," said Mr. Tom, with another laugh; further than that he would not interfere.

Frank King considered for a time, and at last boldly determined to act on this advice. He sat up late that night, concocting a skillful, cautious, appealing letter, and as he rewrote it carefully, all by himself, in the silence, it seemed to him almost as if he were beseeching Nan to reconsider the verdict she had given at Bellagio more than three years before. Life would begin all over again if only she would say yes. Sometimes he found himself thinking of that ball in Spring Gardens, and of her startled shyness, and of her winning confidence, and anxious wish to please, until he recollected that it was Madge to whom he was writing, and that Madge had never been to the ball at all.

This fateful missive was left to be dispatched the first thing in the morning, and at the very least there must needs be two or three days' interval. But it can not be said that he passed this time in terrible anxiety. He was secretly hopeful; so much so that he had begged Mr. Tom, who ought to have gone back before this time, to wait another day or so. His private reason was that he hoped to accompany Madge's brother to Brighton. All the same, the crisis of a man's life can not approach without causing some mental disturbance even in the most hopeful. Long before the Kingscourt family had assembled round the breakfast table, Frank King had ridden over, on these two or three cold mornings, to the postal town, which was nearly two miles off, so that he should not have to wait for the arrival of the bag. And at last came a letter with the Brighton postmark. He glanced at the handwriting, and thought it was Madge's. That was enough. He put it in his pocket without opening it, went out and got on his horse, and went well outside the little town into the quietude of the lanes before putting his hand into his pocket again and taking the letter out.

No, he was not very apprehensive about the result, or he could not have carried the letter thus far unopened. But all the same the contents surprised him. He had expected, at the worst, some mild refusal on the ground of haste; and, at the best, an evasive hint that he might come to Brighton and talk to Lady Beresford. But all the writing on this sheet of paper consisted of two words, "*From Madge*"; and what accompanied them was a bit of forget-me-not—not painted, this time, but a bit of the real flower. It was a pretty notion. It confessed much without saying much. There was a sort of maiden reticence about it, and yet kindness and hope. What Frank King did not know was this—that it was Nan Beresford who had suggested that answer to his letter.

He never knew how he got home that morning. He was all in a tempest of eagerness and delight; he scarcely lived in to-day. It was next day—it was the future that seemed to be around him. He burst into his friend's bedroom before the breakfast gong had sounded.

"Beresford, I'll go with you whenever you like, now. Whenever you like. I'm going to Brighton with you, I mean."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Tom, without looking up—he was tying his shoes.

"I've heard from your sister, you know—"

"I thought so. It's all right, then, is it?"

"I hope so. I'm very glad it's settled. And you know I don't want to turn you out of the house; but you've been very kind waiting a day or two longer, and I *should* like to get to Brighton at once."

"I'll start in five minutes if you like," said Mr. Tom, coolly, having finished with his shoes. "And I suppose I ought to congratulate you. Well, I do. She's a very good sort of girl. Only—"

He hesitated. It was inauspicious.

"What do you mean?" said Captain Frank.

"Well, I've seen a good deal about women and their goings on, don't you know," said Mr. Tom, with a sort of shrug. "They're always changing and chopping and twisting about. The best way is to marry them off-hand and take the nonsense out of them."

Captain Frank laughed. This was not at all alarming. And when it became secretly known that Captain Frank was immediately going to Brighton to secure his promised bride, there was a great though discreet rejoicing at Kingscourt; and even pretty Mary Coventry came with her demure and laughing congratulations; and Mr. Tom was made more of than ever during the few hours longer that he remained in the house. Frank King had not time to think about Nan now; it was Madge Beresford who had sent him that bit of forget-me-not.

CHAPTER XVI.

REVERIES.

No sooner had Nan come back to Brighton again, and been installed once more in her former position, than the whole house seemed to be pervaded by a quite new sense of satisfaction, the cause of which was not even guessed at. The wheels of the domestic machinery worked far more smoothly; even the servants seemed to partake of the general brightness and cheerfulness. Edith, the stupid sister, put it down to the Christmas-time, and congratulated herself on her evergreens on the walls. Mr. Tom observed that the house was far better managed when Nan was at home. That meant that he found his slippers when he wanted them, and that there was always a taper on the chimney-piece in the billiard-room. Lady Beresford had all her little whims attended to; and as for Madge, that young lady was greatly delighted to have a safe and sure confidante. For she was much exercised at this time both with her fears about Mr. Hanbury, who followed her about like a ghost, kept silent by the dread of Vice-Chancellors and tipstaffs, and her vain little hopes about Captain Frank King, whose intentions were scarcely a matter of doubt. Nan listened in her grave, sweet way, that had earned for her, from Madge, the name of "Old Mother Nan"; and then would say some nice thing to her sister; and then would carry her away on some charitable enterprise.

For this was the Christmas-time; and what with continual choral services, and evergreens, and unearthly music in the still, cold nights, there was a sort of exaltation in the air, and Nan wished to be practical. In consequence, Lady Beresford was gravely oppressed.

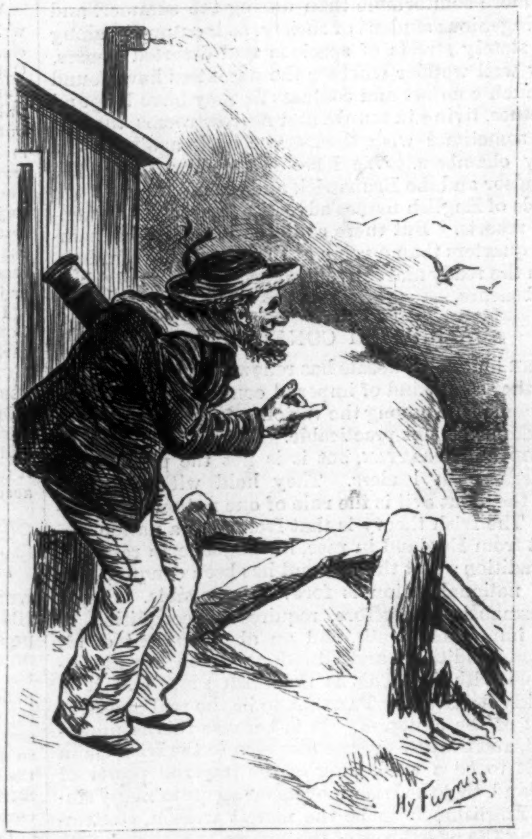
"I do believe, Nan," she said, vexedly, one morning, as she was writing out a check—"I do believe your only notion of Christianity is the giving away coals."

"And a very good notion too," said Tom, who would allow no one to say anything against Nan.

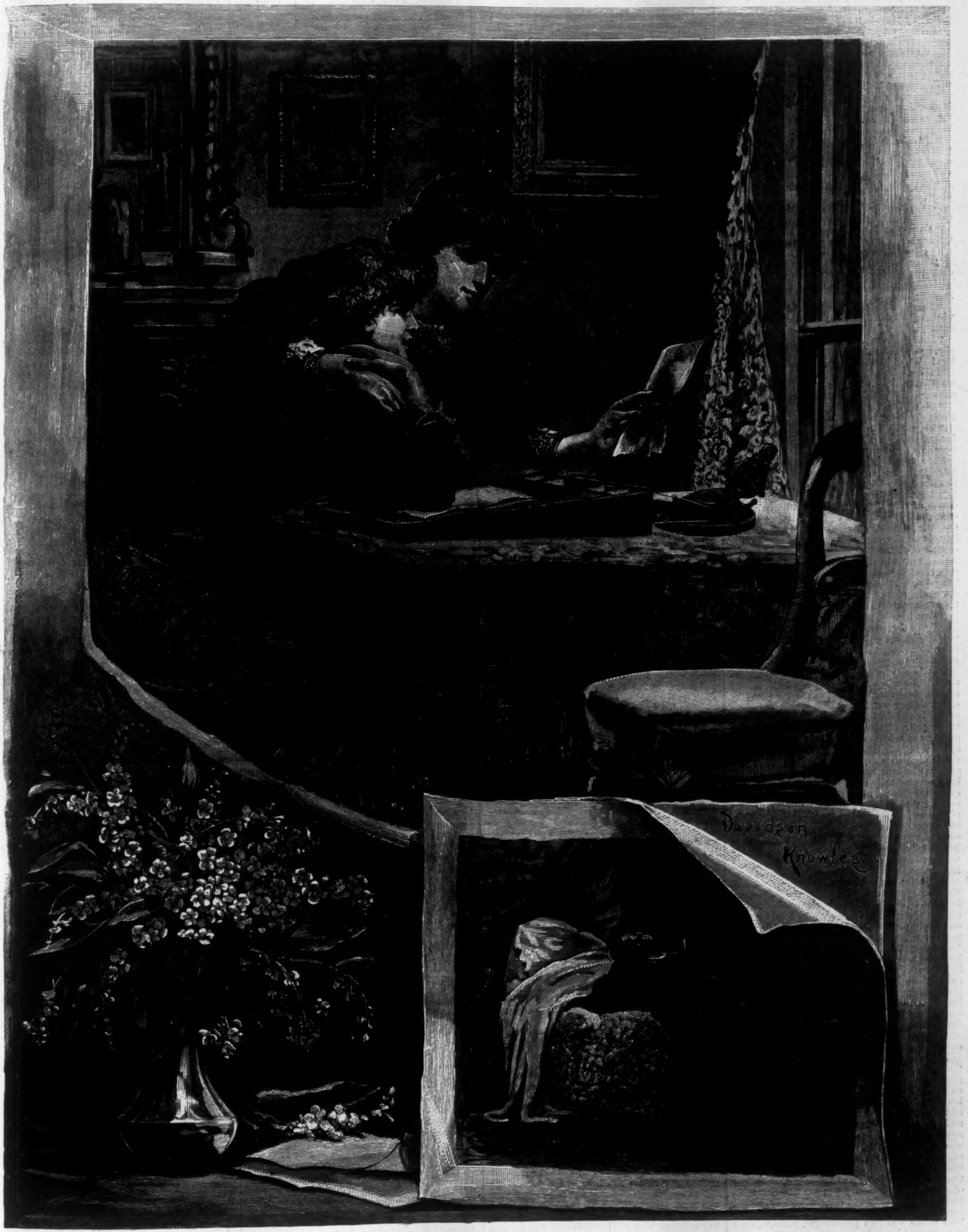
But then came that fateful letter from Frank King. It arrived on a January morning—on a clear and brilliant forenoon, just as Nan and her younger sister were going out for a walk, tempted by the sunlight and the colors of the sea. Madge herself took it from the postman at the door, glanced at the address, hastily opened the envelope, and guessed at, rather than read, the contents. "Oh, Nan!" she said, hurriedly, "wait a moment. There is something—something I want to speak to you about. Come into the dining-room. Oh, do you know what this is, Nan? Captain King has written."

"Yes, dear," said Nan, calmly and kindly, as she followed her into the empty dining-room.

"I must not show you the letter, must I?" said the younger sister, eagerly, though she was herself still reading and re-reading it. "But you know what it is, Nan. And I must send an answer. Oh dear, what shall I do?"



"'YES, MISS,' SAID THE WIRY LITTLE SAILOR, WITH A GRIN."



"I OUGHT TO WRITE."

"You ought to know, Madge," her sister said. "You were not unprepared, surely? I thought you expected it. I thought you would have had your mind made up."

"But it is so dreadful—so sudden—so terrible! Look at my hands—I am all shaking. Oh, Nan, what would you do—what would you do if you were me?"

Nan seemed to be thinking of something far away; it was after a second that she recalled herself to this question, and then she answered, with some astonishment,

"Don't you know your own mind, Madge?"

"Well, I do in a way," said the younger sister, still staring at the letter. "I like him well enough. I think it would do very well; and there would be no trouble with any one. I am sorry for that poor fellow Hanbury; but what *is* the use of his hanging about and keeping one nervous? There is no use in it at all—nothing but bother. And I know Captain King is very fond of me, and I think he would be very kind; and you know he is not going to sea again; and mamma would be pleased. Do you think I should go to her now?"

"What is the use of going to any one until you know what your mind is?"

If the unhappy Hanbury could only have seen his sweetheart at this moment—staring blankly at the open letter, with a doubt on her face which was most probably inspired by some vague and tender recollection of himself! What might not have happened if only he could have intervened at this crisis, and appealed to her with eyes and speech, and implored her to defy these terrible authorities in London? But Madge kept looking at the letter; and then she shut it together; and then she said, with decision:

"I think it's the best thing I can do. Wait a minute, Nan; I'll go and tell mamma."

When she came down stairs again she was quite radiant and eager in her joy.

"Oh, I'm so glad it's all settled and over. I'm so glad there'll be no more worry and bother. And really Captain King is one of the nicest-looking men we know—Edith has always said so—and he is so quiet and pleasant in his manner—and very amusing too; that is because he has no pretense. And grateful for small kindnesses: I suppose, being so long at sea, and not seeing so many people, he hasn't got *blasé*. Then he never pretends to be bored. But why are you so solemn, Nan; doesn't it please you?"

Nan kissed her sister.

"I hope you will be very happy, dear," she said, in her grave, kind way.

"Then I suppose I must answer his letter at once," continued Madge, in her excited way. "But how am I to do it, Nan? See how my fingers are all shaking: I couldn't write. And it would take me a month to find out what to say—and here you are being kept in, when you are always wanting to be out in the open air—"

"Oh, don't mind me, Madge. I will stay in with pleasure, if you want me."

"But you sha'n't stay in on my account, dear Mother Nan—not a bit of it—not for all the men in the world. And yet I ought to send him a message. I ought to write."

"I think, Madge," the elder sister said, slowly, "if that is any trouble to you, you might send him a message; he would understand without your writing much—a flower, perhaps—"

"But what sort of flower?" said the younger sister, eagerly.

Nan's face flushed somewhat, and she seemed embarrassed and slow to answer.

"You—you should know yourself," she said, turning her eyes aside. "Any flower, perhaps—a bit of—of forget-me-not—"

"Of course that would do very well; but where could you get forget-me-nots just now?"

Nan again hesitated; she seemed to be forcing herself to speak.

"There's a little bit in a button-hole in ——'s window," she said at last; "I saw it there yesterday, at least."

"Dear Mother Nan," said Madge, enthusiastically, "you are as clever as twenty Vice-Chancellors! We will walk along at once and see if it is still there. And in the mean time I will write a word on a sheet of paper—I can manage that, anyway—and you might address an envelope—"

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," said Nan, inadvertently shrinking back.

"Very well, I will struggle through it," said Madge, blithely; and she went and got writing materials, and scrawled the few words necessary.

They went out into the beautiful, clear, cold morning, and walked along through the crowd of promenaders with their fresh-colored faces and furs telling of the wintry weather. And in due course of time they arrived at the florist's window, and found the bit of forget-me-not still in the little nosegay. Madge made no secret of her intention. She opened up the nosegay on the counter of the shop, took out the piece of forget-me-not, put it in the folded sheet of paper, and then carefully—but with fingers no longer trembling—closed the envelope. When they had come out again, and gone and posted the letter, they found themselves at a stand-still.

"Now I know you would like a longer walk, Nan," said the younger sister, "and I am sure you won't mind if I go back at once. I do so want to write a long letter to Mary. And I haven't told Edith yet, you know."

To this also Nan consented; and so Madge departed. Nan, left to herself, looked for a moment or two, somewhat wistfully, at the far breadths of the shining water; and then turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully along one of the wider thoroughfares leading up from the sea. The world seemed too bright and eager and busy out here; she wished to be alone and in the dusk; and in this thoroughfare there was a church, spacious and gloomy, that was kept open all the week round. Half unconsciously to herself she walked in that direction. So absorbed was she that when she reached the entrance she scarcely perceived that there were some persons standing about. From the clear light of the sun she passed into a long covered way that was almost dark; there was a low sound of music issuing from the building. It was a refuge she was seeking, and she vaguely hoped that there would be few people within.

But just as she gained the entrance proper, and was about to enter the dark and dusky place before her, behold! here was a great smiling throng coming along the aisle, headed by a bridegroom and a white-clothed bride. The music that was gayly pealing through the building was the "Wedding March," that no familiarity robs of its majestic swing and melody. Nan had suddenly a sort of guilty self-consciousness. She felt she had no business even to look on at bridal processions. She passed in by another door—into that space of dark and empty pews; and very soon the bridal people were all gone from the place, and apparently no one was left but the white-surpliced performers at the organ in the choir.

That choir was a beautiful thing away beyond the dusk. The sunlight entering by the stained-glass windows filled it with a softly golden glory; so that the splendors of the altar and the tall brass candlesticks and the seven swinging lamps and the organ itself were all suffused with it, and seemed to belong to some other world far away. And then, after the "Wedding March" was over, there was a pause of silence, and a slight sound of feet in the echoing building behind; and then the music began again—something distant, and sad, and yearning, like the cry of a soul seeking for light in the dark, for comfort in despair. Nan, in her solitary pew, bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. This music was less picturesque, perhaps, than that she had heard in the cathedral at Lucerne; but it had more of a human cry in it; it was an appeal for guidance, for light—for light in the darkness of the world. The tears were running down Nan's face. And then there came into a neighboring pew a woman dressed in a peculiar costume, all in black; and she, too, knelt down and covered her face with her hands. And Nan would fain have gone to her and said:

"Oh, sister, take me with you and teach me. You have chosen your path in the world—the path of charity and good-will and peace; let me help you; let me give myself to the poor and the sick. There must be something somewhere for me to do in the world. Take me into your sisterhood; I am not afraid of hardship; let me be of some little use to those who are wretched and weary in heart."

By-and-by that lady in black rose, went into the open space fronting the altar, knelt one knee slightly, and then left. Presently Nan followed her, her head bent down somewhat, and her heart not very light.

Just as she was leaving the interior of the church, some one stepped out of the vestry, followed her for a second, and then addressed her. She turned and recognized Mr. Jacomb. He had not been officiating; he was in ordinary clerical costume; and there was something in the primness of that costume that suited his appearance. For he was a singularly clean-looking man; his face smooth-shaven; his complexion of the fairest white and pink; his hair yellow almost to whiteness; his eyes gray, clear, and kindly. For the rest, he was about six-and-thirty; of stoutish build; and he generally wore a pleasant and complacent smile, as if the world had treated him kindly, despite his experiences in that poor parish in the southeast of London, and as if, whatever might happen to him, anxiety was not likely to put a premature end to his existence.

"Dear me," said he, "what a coincidence! I saw your sister Madge about twenty minutes ago. She seemed very happy about something or other."

"Mr. Jacomb," said Nan, "do you know the lady who left a minute ago?"

"No," said he, wondering a little at the earnestness—or rather the absentness—of her manner. "I only caught a glimpse of her. She belongs to one of the visiting sisterhoods."

Nan was silent for a second or two.

"You came to the wedding, of course?" continued Mr. Jacomb, cheerfully. "A capital match, that, for young De la Poer. She will have £18,000 a year when her mother dies; and she is pretty too. She puts a little side on, perhaps, when she's talking to strangers; but that's nothing. His brother was at Oxford when I was there, I remember—an awfully fast fellow; but they say all the sons of clergymen are—the other swing of the pendulum, you know. There's a medium in all things; and if one generation gives itself over too much to piety, the next goes as far the other way. I suppose it's human nature."

This air of agreeable levity—this odor of worldliness (which was in great measure assumed)—did not seem to accord well with Nan's present mood. She was disturbed—uncertain—yearning for something, she knew not what—and the echoes of that strange cry in the music were still in her soul. Mr. Jacomb's airs of being a man of the world—of being a clergyman who scorned to attach any esoteric mystery to his cloth, or to expect to be treated with a particular reverence—might put him on easy terms of friendship with Nan's sisters, but they only made Nan regretful, and sometimes even impatient. Did he imagine the assumption of flippancy made him appear younger than he really was? In any case it was bad policy so far as Nan was concerned. Nan was a born worshipper. She was bound to believe in something or somebody. And the story she had heard of the Rev. Charles Jacomb's assiduous, earnest, uncomplaining labor in that big parish had at the very outset won for him her great regard. He did not understand how he was destroying her child-like faith in him by his saturnine little jokes.

"Mr. Jacomb," said Nan, timidly, "I should be so greatly obliged to you if you could find out something more for me about those sisterhoods. They must do a great deal of good. And their dress is such a protection; they can go anywhere without fear of rudeness or insult. I suppose it is not a difficult thing to get admission—"

He was staring at her in amazement.

"But not for you—not for you!" he cried. "Why, it is preposterous for you to think of such a thing. There are plenty who have nothing else in the world to look forward to. You have all your life before you yet. My dear Miss Anne, you must not indulge in day-dreams. Look at your sister Madge. Oh, by-the-way, she said something about your mamma having sent me a note this morning, asking me to dine with you on Friday evening, and then remembering, after the note was posted, that on that evening you had taken a box for the pantomime. Well, there need be no trouble about that, if I may join your party to go there also."

Nan said nothing; but perhaps there was the slightest trace of surprise, or interrogation, in her look. Immediately he said:

"Oh, I very much approve of pantomimes, from a professional point of view—I do, really. You see, the imagination of most people is very dull—it wants a stimulus—and I am perfectly certain, if the truth were known, that the great majority of people in this country have derived their pictorial notions of heaven from the transformation-scenes in pantomimes. I am certain of it. John Martin's pictures—the only other alternative—are not striking enough. So, on the whole, I very much approve of pantomimes; and I shall be very glad to go with you on Friday, if I may."

Nan made some excuse, shook hands with him, and went. She walked home hurriedly, she knew not why; it almost seemed as though she wanted to leave something well behind her. And she was very kind to her sisters for the remainder of that day, but somewhat grave.

Meanwhile Madge's letter to her elder sister in England had been sent. And the first answer to it was contained in a postscript to a letter addressed by Mary Beresford to her mother. This was the postscript:

"*What is this nonsense Madge writes to me about herself and Holford King? Has Captain King got it into his head that he would like to marry his deceased wife's sister?*"

Lady Beresford threw the letter aside with a sigh, wishing people would not write in conundrums.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ACCEPTED SUITOR.

"Oh, Nan! here is the cab. What shall I say to him? What am I to say to him?"

"I think you ought to know yourself, dear," said Nan, gently, and then she slipped away from the room, leaving Madge alone and standing at the window.

But after all it was not so serious a matter. Some one came into the room, and Madge turned.

"May I call you Madge?" said he, holding both her hands.

She answered, with her eyes cast down,

"I suppose I must call you Frank."

That was all, for at the same moment Mr. Tom was heard calling to his mother and sisters that Captain King had arrived; and directly after Lady Beresford and Edith entered the room, followed by Mr. Tom, who was declaring that they must have dinner put forward to six o'clock, if they were all to go to the pantomime.

There was a little embarrassment—not much. Frank King kept looking toward the door. He wondered why Nan had not come with the others. He was curious to see how much she had changed. Perhaps he should not even recognize her? Without scarcely knowing why, he was hoping she might not be quite like the Nan of former days.

Mr. Tom consulted his watch again.

"Shall I ring and tell them to hurry on dinner, mother?"

"We can not alter the dinner hour now," Lady Beresford said, plaintively. "It has already been altered once. Both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jacomb promised to come at half past six, so that you might all go to the pantomime together in good time."

"What?" cried Mr. Tom. "Jacomb? Did you say Jacomb, mother?"

"I said Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jacomb," said his mother.

"And what the etcetera is he doing in that gallery!" exclaimed Mr. Tom. "Well, I guess we shall have a high old time of it at dinner. Soda-water and incense. But there's one thing they always agree about. Get them on to port-wine vintages, and they run together like a brace of greyhounds."

Here Captain King begged to be excused, as there was but little time for him to go along to his hotel and get dressed for this early dinner. When—being accompanied to the door by Mr. Tom himself—he had left, Madge said:

"How do you like him, mamma? Are you pleased with him?"

"He has not spoken to me yet, you know," said the mother, wearily. She had had to go through several such scenes, and they worried her.

"Oh, but it's all arranged," Madge said, cheerfully. "He won't bother you about a solemn interview. It's all arranged. How did you think he looked, Edith? I do hope he won't lose that brown color by not going back to sea; it suits him; I don't like pasty-faced men. Now Mr. Jacomb isn't pasty-faced, although he is a clergyman. By-the-way, what has become of Nan?"

Nan had been quite forgotten. Perhaps she was dressing early, or looking after the dinner table; at all events, it was time for the other sisters to go and get ready also.

Punctual to the moment, Captain King arrived at the door, and entered, and went up stairs. He was not a little excited. Now he would see Nan—and not only her, but also this clergyman, whom he was also curious to see. At such a moment—arriving as Madge's accepted suitor—it was not Nan that he ought to have been thinking about. But it was Nan whom his first quick glance round the drawing-room sought out; and instantly he knew she was not there.

Everybody else was, however. Mr. Roberts, with his conspicuous red opal and diamonds, was standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, talking to Lady Beresford, who was cushioned up in an easy-chair. Mr. Jacomb was entertaining the two sisters, Edith and Madge, who were laughing considerably. Mr. Tom was walking about with his hands in his pockets, ferocious, for dinner was already eighteen seconds late.

Frank King had not much time to study the looks or manners of this clergyman to whom he was briefly introduced, for already his attention, which was at the moment exceedingly acute, was drawn to the opening of the door. It was Nan, who slipped in quietly. Apparently she had seen the others before, for, when she caught sight of him, she at once advanced toward him, with a grave, quiet smile on her face, and an outstretched hand.

"Oh, how do you do, Captain King?" she said, in the most friendly way, and without the least trace of embarrassment.

Of course she looked at his eyes as she said so. Perhaps she did not notice the strange, startled look that had dwelt there for an instant as he regarded her—a look as if he had seen some one whom he had not expected to see—some one whom he almost feared to see. He could not speak, indeed. For the moment he had really lost command of himself, and seemed bewildered. Then he stammered:

"How do you do, Miss Anne? I am glad to see you looking so well. You—you have not altered much—anything—during these last three or four years."

"Oh, Nan has altered a great deal, I can tell you," said Mr. Tom; "and for the better. She isn't half as saucy as she used to be."

But Nan had turned to her mother, to say, privately:

"They are quite ready, mamma. The shades just came in time; and the candles are all lit now."

Then she turned to Captain King again. If she was acting non-embarrassment, she was acting very well. The clear, friendly, gray-blue eyes regarded him with frankness; there was no touch of tell-tale color in the fair, piquant, freckled face; she smiled as if to one in whom she had perfect confidence.

"It was so kind of you," she said, "to have let my brother pay you a visit to Kingscourt; I am afraid he must be dull here sometimes. And he says he enjoyed it immensely, and that every one was so kind to him. I hope he didn't disgrace himself—I mean in the shooting; you see, he has not had a great deal of practice."

"Oh, he shot very well," said Captain Frank King, somewhat hurriedly. "Oh yes, very well. I should call him a very good shot. I am glad he liked his visit." But Frank King was not looking into Nan's eyes as he spoke.

Then some one at the door said, "Dinner is served, your ladyship"; and the company arranged themselves according to order, and went down stairs. It fell to Captain King's lot to go down last, with Lady Beresford; but when they reached the dining-table he found that his neighbor was to be Madge, and he was glad of that.

Nan was opposite to him; he had discovered that at the first glance, and thereafter he rather avoided looking that way. He endeavored to entertain Lady Beresford, and occasionally spoke a little to Madge; but he was somewhat preoccupied on the whole; and very frequently he might have been caught regarding the clergyman-guest with an earnest scrutiny. Mr. Jacomb, to do him justice, was making himself the friend of everybody. He could talk well and pleasantly; he had a number of little jokes and stories; and he was making himself generally agreeable. The efflorescent Roberts was anxious to know—as anxious, that is, as a very devoted regard for his *menu* would permit—the precise position held by a certain High-Churchman who was being harried and worried by the law courts at this time; but Mr. Jacomb, with great prudence, would have nothing to say on such subjects. He laughed the whole matter off. He preferred to tell anecdotes about his Oxford days, and gave you to understand that these were not far removed from the present time. You might have guessed that he and his companions were the least little bit wild. The names of highly respectable dignitaries in the Church were associated with stories of scrapes that were quite alarming, and with sayings that just bordered here and there on the irreverent. But then to a clergyman much is permitted, for it is his business to know where the line should be drawn; other people might not feel quite so safe.

All this time Captain Frank King was intently regarding Mr. Jacomb; and Nan saw it. The smile died away from her face. She grew self-absorbed; she scarcely lifted her eyes.

"Nan, what's the matter with you?" said her brother Tom to her, privately. "You're not going to cry, are you?"

She looked up with her frank, clear eyes, and said:

"I was trying to remember some lines near the beginning of 'Faust.' They are about a clergyman and a comedian."

This was beyond Mr. Tom; and so he said nothing. But what Nan had meant had been uttered in a moment of bitterness, and was entirely unjust. Mr. Jacomb was not failing in any proper respect for his sacred calling. But he was among some young people; he hoped they would not think his costume coercive; he wished to let them know that his youth also had only been the other day, as it were, and that he appreciated a joke as well as any one. If his speech at the moment was frivolous—and, indeed, intentionally frivolous—his life had not been frivolous. He had never intrigued or cajoled for preferment, but had done the work that lay nearest him. At Oxford he had toadied no one. And his "record," as the Americans say, in that parish in the southeast of London was unblemished and even noble.

But he made a hash of it that evening, somehow. Nan Beresford grew more and more depressed and disheartened—almost ashamed. If Frank King had not been there, perhaps she would have cared less; but she knew—without daring to look—that Frank King was regarding and listening with an earnest and cruel scrutiny.

When the time came for their starting for the theatre, Nan disappeared. Tom began to make a noise, and then the message came that, Please, sir, Miss Anne had a headache, and might she be excused? Tom made a further noise, and declared that the whole thing must be put off. Go to see a pantomime without Nan he would not. Then a further message came from Miss Anne, saying that she would be greatly distressed if they did not go; and so, after no end of growling and grumbling, Mr. Tom put his party into two cabs and took them off. Nan heard the roll of the wheels lessen and cease.

It was about half past eleven that night that some one noisily entered Nan's room, and lit the gas. Nan, opening her eyes—for she was in bed and asleep—beheld a figure there, all white with snow.

"Oh, Nan," said the new-comer, in great excitement, "I must tell you all about it. There has been such fun. Never such a gale known on the south coast—"

"Child!" said the now thoroughly awakened sister, "go at once and take off your things. You will be wet through!"

"Oh, this is nothing!" said Madge, whose pink cheeks showed what she had faced. "I left a whole avalanche in the hall. The streets are a foot deep already. Not a cab to be got. We had to fight our way from the theatre arm in arm; the wind and snow were like to lift us off our feet altogether. Frank said it reminded him of Canada. All the gentlemen are below; Tom would have them come in, to get them some mulled claret."

Madge's ejaculatory sentences came to an end simply for want of breath. She was all panting.

"Such a laughing there was! Frank and I ran full tilt against a gentleman who was coming full sail before the wind. 'Hard a-port!' Frank cried. There was an awful smash. My hat blew off; and we hid in a doorway till Frank got it back again."

At Nan's earnest entreaties her younger sister at last consented to take off her outer garments and robe herself in some of Nan's—meantime shaking a good deal of snow on to the carpet. Then she came and sat down.

"I must tell you all about it, dear Nan," she said, "for I am so happy; and it has been such a delightful evening. You can't imagine what a splendid companion Frank is—taking everything free and easy, and always in such a good humor. Well, we went to the theatre; and of course Edith wanted to show herself off, so I had the corner of the box with the curtains; and Frank sat next me, of course—it was 'Cinderella'—beautiful!—I never saw such brilliant costumes; and even Edith was delighted with the way they sang the music. Mind, we didn't know that by this time the storm had begun. It was all like fairy-land. But am I tiring you, Nan?" said Madge, with a sudden compunction. "Would you rather go to sleep again?"

"Oh no, dear."

"Is your headache any better?"

"A great deal."

"Shall I get you some eau-de-Cologne?"

"Oh no."

"Does it sound strange to you that I should call him Frank? It did to me at first. But of course it had to be done; so I had to get over it."

"You don't seem to have had much difficulty," said Nan, with an odd kind of a smile.

"Well," Madge confessed, "he isn't like other men. There's no pretense about him. He makes friends with you at once. And you can't be very formal with any one who is lugging you through the snow."

"No, of course not," said Nan, gravely. "I was not saying there could be anything wrong in calling him Frank."

"Well, the pantomime; did I tell you how good it was? Mr. Roberts says he never saw such beautifully designed dresses in London; and the music was lovely—oh! if you had heard Cinderella, how she sang, you would have fallen in love with her, Nan. We all did. Then we had ices. There's a song which Cinderella sings Frank promised to get for me; but I can't sing. All I'm good for is to show off Edith."

"You ought to practice more, dear."

"But it's no good once you are married. You always drop it. If I have any time I'll take to painting. You see, you have no idea, in a house like this, the amount of trouble there is in keeping up a place like Kingscourt."

"But, you know, Madge, Mrs. Holford King is there."

"She can't be there always; she's very well up in years," said the practical Madge. "And you know the whole estate is now definitely settled on Frank—though there are some heavy mortgages. We sha'n't be able to entertain much for the first few years, I dare say—but we shall always be glad to have you, Nan."

Nan did not say anything; she turned her face away a little bit.

"Nan," said her sister, presently, "didn't Mary and Edith have a notion that Captain King was at one time rather fond of you?"

Nan's face flushed hastily.

"They—they—imagined something of that kind, I believe."

"But was it true?"

Nan raised herself up and took her sister's hand in her two hands.

"You see, dear," she said, gently, and with her eyes cast down, "young men—I mean, very young men—have often passing fancies that don't mean very much. Later on they make their serious choice."

"But," said Madge, persistently—"but I suppose he never really asked you to be his wife?"

"His wife!" said Nan, with well-simulated surprise. "Recollect, Madge, I was just over seventeen. You don't promise to be anybody's wife at an age like that; you are only a child then."

"I am only eighteen," said Madge.

"But there is a great difference. And recollect that Captain King is now older, and knows better what his wishes are, and what way his happiness lies. You ought to be very proud, Madge; and you should try to make him proud of you also."

"Oh, I will, Nan; I will, really. I wish you would teach me a lot of things."

"What things?"

"Oh, you know. All the sort of stuff that you know. Tidal waves and things."

"But Captain King won't have anything more to do with tidal waves."

"Then we'll go round the shops to-morrow, Nan; and you'll tell me about Chippendale furniture and blue china."

"Don't you think there will be enough of that at Kingscourt; and just such things as you couldn't get to buy in any shops?"

"Then what am I to do, Nan?"

"You can try to be a good wife, dear, and that's better than anything."

Madge rose.

"I'll let you off, Nan. But I do feel terribly selfish. I haven't said a single word about you—"

"Oh, but I don't want anything said about me," said Nan, almost in alarm.

"Well, you know, Nan, everybody says this: that a clergyman's wife has more opportunities of doing good than any other woman; for, you see, they are in the middle of it all, and they can interfere as no one else can, and it is expected of them, and the poor people don't object to them, as they might to others."

"Oh, I think that is quite true," said Nan, thoughtfully—perhaps with a slight sigh. "Yes, I have often thought of that."

"And you know, dear, that was what Providence meant you to be," said Madge, with a friendly smile. "That is just what you were made for—to be kind to other people. Good-night, old Mother Nan."

"Good-night, dear."

They kissed each other, and Madge turned off the gas and left. Presently, however, Madge returned, opened the door, and came in on tiptoe.

"Nan, you are not asleep yet?"

"Of course not."

"I wanted to ask you, Nan; do you think he would like me to work a pair of slippers for him?"

"No doubt he would," was the quiet answer.

"For I was thinking it would be so nice if you would come with me to-morrow and help me to choose the materials; and then, you see, Nan, you might sketch me some design, out of your own head, for you are so clever at those things, and that would be better than a shop pattern. And then," added Madge, "I should tell him it was your design."

Nan paused for a second.

"I will do whatever you want, Madge; but you must not say that I made the design for you. It won't be worth much, at the best. I would rather have nothing said about it, dear."

"Very well, Nan; that's just like you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WHITE WORLD.

NEXT morning it still snowed and blew hard; no one could go out; it was clearly a day to be devoted to in-door amusements. And then Frank King, despite the state of the streets and the absence of cabs, made his way along, and was eagerly welcomed. As Mr. Tom's companion he was to spend the whole day there. Billiards, music, luncheon, painting—they would pass the time somehow. And meanwhile the gusts of wind rattled the windows, and the whirling snow blurred out the sea, and Mr. Tom kept on big fires.

Nan remained in her own room. When Madge went up to bring her down she found her reading Thomas à Kempis.

"Frank has asked twice where you were," Madge remonstrated.

"But that is not a command," said Nan, with a smile. "I should have thought, judging by the sound, that you were being very well amused below."

Madge went away, and in about an hour after came back. She found that her sister had put away *De Imitatione Christi*, and was at her desk.

"Writing! To whom?"

"To the Editor of the *Times*," said Nan, laughing at her sister's instantaneous dismay.

"The *Times!* Are you going to turn a blue-stocking, Nan?"

"Oh no; it's only about blankets. You can read the letter; do you think he will print it?"

This was the letter which Madge read, and which was written in a sort of handwriting that some editors would be glad to see oftener:

"DEAR SIR,—The government interfere to punish a milkman who adulterates milk with water; and I wish to put the question in your columns why they should not also punish the manufacturers who dress blankets with arsenic? Surely it is a matter of equal importance. Poor people can get along without milk, unless there are very small children in the house; but when they have insufficient food, and insufficient fire, and scant clothes, and perhaps also a leaky roof, a good warm pair of blankets is almost a necessity. You can not imagine what a compensation it is, especially in weather like the present; but how are the charitably disposed to take such a gift to a poor household when it may become the instrument of death or serious illness? Dear sir, I hope you will call upon the government to put down this wicked practice; and I am, yours respectfully, AN ENGLISH GIRL."

"Oh, that's all right," said Madge, who had feared that her sister had taken to literature; "that's quite the right thing for you. Of course, a clergyman's wife must know all about blankets, and soup kitchens, and things."

Nan flushed a little, and said quickly, and with an embarrassed smile:

"I thought of putting in something about his 'eloquent pen' or his 'generous advocacy'; but I suppose he gets a great deal of that kind of flattery, and isn't to be taken in. I think I will leave it as it is. It is really most shameful that such things should be allowed."

"When are you coming down to see Frank?"

"By-and-by, dear. I am going now to get mamma her egg and port-wine."

"I know Frank wants to see you."

"Oh, indeed!" she said, quietly, as she folded up the letter.

That memorable snow-storm raged all day; the shops fronting the sea were shut; the whole place looked like some vast, deserted, white City of the Dead. But toward evening the squalls moderated; that fine, penetrating, crystalline snow ceased to come in whirls and gusts; and people began to get about, the black figures making their way over or through the heavy drifts, or striking for such places as the force of the wind had driven bare. Here and there shovels were in requisition to clear a pathway; it was clearly thought that the gale was over; the Beresfords and their guest began to speak of an excursion next day to Stanmer Park, if peradventure it might be possible to have a lane or two swept on the ice for a little skating.

The next morning proved to be brilliantly beautiful; and they were all up and away betimes on their somewhat hopeless quest—all, that is to say, except Nan; for she had sundry pensioners to look after, who were likely to have fared ill during the inclement weather. Nan put on her thickest boots and her Ulster, and went out into the world of snow. The skies were blue and clear; the air was fresh and keen; it was a relief to be out after that monotonous confinement in the house.

Nan went her rounds, and wished she was a millionaire, for the fine snow had penetrated everywhere, and there was great distress. Perhaps she was really trying to imagine herself a clergyman's wife; at all events, when she had grown tired, and perhaps a little heart-sick, it was no wonder that she should think of going into that church which was always open, for a little rest, and solace, and soothing quiet.

This was what she honestly meant to do—and, moreover, it was with no expectation of meeting Mr. Jacomb there, for it was almost certain that he also would be off on a round of visitations. She had a craving for quiet; perhaps some slow, grateful music would be filling the air; there would be silence in the vast, hushed place.

Well, it was by the merest accident that her eyes happened to light on a vessel that was scudding up Channel under double-reefed topsails; and she stood for a minute to watch it. Then she, also inadvertently, perceived that the coast-guardsman over the way had come out of his little box, and was similarly watching the vessel—through his telescope. Nan hesitated for a second. The snow was deep, though a kind of path had been trodden a few yards further along. Then she walked quickly on till she came to that path, crossed, went back to the coast-guardsman, and addressed him, with a roseate glow on her cheek:

"Oh, I beg your pardon—but—but I suppose you know Singing Sal?"

"Yes, miss," said the little Celtic-looking man with the brown beard. He was evidently surprised.

"Do you know where she is? I hope she wasn't in the storm yesterday. She hasn't been along this way lately?"

"No, miss; not that I knows of."

"Thank you; I am very much obliged."

"Wait a minute, miss—Wednesday—yes, it was last night, I believe, as Sal was to sing at a concert at Updene. Yes, it was. Some o' my mates at Cuckmere got leave to go."

"Updene farm?"

"Yes, miss," said the wiry little sailor, with a grin. "That's promotion for Sal—to sing at a concert."

"I don't see why she should not sing at a concert," said Nan, regarding him with her clear gray eyes, so that the grin instantly vanished from his face. "I've heard much worse singing at many a concert. Then, if she was at Updene last night, she would most likely come along here to-day?"

"I don't know, miss," said the man, who knew much less about Singing Sal's ways than did Miss Anne Beresford. "Mayhap the concert didn't come off, along of the snow."

Nan again thanked him, and continued on her way eastward. She was thinking. Somehow she had quite forgotten about the church. The air around her was wonderfully keen and exhilarating; the skies overhead were intensely blue; out there on the downs the soft white snow would be beautiful. Nan walked on at a brisker pace, and her spirits rose. The sunlight seemed to get into her veins. And then her footing required a great deal of attention, and she had plenty of active exercise; for though here and there the force of the wind had left the roads almost bare, elsewhere the snow had formed long drifts of three to five feet in depth, and these had either to be got round or plunged through. Then, up Kemp Town way, where there is less traffic, her difficulties increased. The keen air seemed to make her easily breathless. But at all events she felt comfortably warm, and the sun felt hot on her cheek.

She had at length persuaded herself that she was anxious about Singing Sal's safety. Many people must have perished in that snow-storm—caught unawares on the lonely downs. At all events, she could ask at one or two of the coast-guard stations if anything had been heard of Sal. It was just possible she might meet her, if the entertainment at Updene farm had come off.

At Black Rock station they had heard nothing; but she went on all the same. For now this was a wonderful and beautiful landscape all around her, up on these high cliffs; and the novelty of it delighted her, though the bewildering white somewhat dazzled her eyes. Toward the edge of the cliffs, where the wind had swept across, there was generally not more than an inch or two of snow—hard and crisp, with traceries of birds' feet on it, like long strings of lace; but a few yards on her left the snow had got banked up in the most peculiar drifts, resembling in a curious manner the higher ranges of the Alps. Sometimes, however, the snow became deep here also; so that she had to betake herself to the road, where the farmers' men around had already cut a way through the deeper stoppages; and there she found herself going along a white gallery—yellow-white on the left, where the sunlight fell on the snow, but an intense blue on the right, where the crystalline snow, in shadow, reflected the blue of the sky overhead. And still she ploughed on her way, with all her pulses tingling with life and gladness; for this wonder of yellow whiteness and blue whiteness, and the sunlight, and the keen air, all lent themselves to a kind of fascination; and she scarcely perceived that her usual landmarks were gone: it was enough for her to keep walking, stumbling, sinking, avoiding the deeper drifts, and farther and farther losing herself in the solitariness of this white, hushed world.

Then, far away, and showing very black against the white, she perceived the figure of a woman, and instantly jumped to the conclusion that that must be Singing Sal. But what was Sal—if it were she—about? That dark figure was wildly swaying one arm, like an orator declaiming to an excited assemblage. Had the dramatic stimulus of the previous night's entertainment—Nan asked herself—got into the woman's brain? Was she reciting poetry to that extravagant gesturing? Nan walked more slowly now, and took breath, while the woman, whoever she was, evidently was coming along at a swinging pace.

No; that was no dramatic gesture. It was too monotonous. It looked more as if she were sowing—to imperceptible furrows. Nan's eyes were very long-sighted, but this thing puzzled her altogether. She now certainly looked like a farmer's man scattering seed-corn.

Singing Sal saw and recognized her young lady friend at some distance, and seemed to moderate her gestures, though these did not quite cease. When she came up, Nan said to her:

"What are you doing?"

"Well, miss," she said, with a bright smile—her face was quite red with the cold air, and her hair not so smooth as she generally kept it—"my arm does ache, to tell the truth. And my barley's nearly done. I have tried to scatter it wide, so as the finches and larks may have a chance, even when the jackdaws and rooks are at it."

"Are you scattering food for the birds, then?"

"They're starved out in this weather, miss; and then the boys come out wi' their guns; and the dicky-laggers are after them too—"

"The what?"

"The bird-catchers, miss. If I was a farmer, now, I'd take a horsewhip, I would, and I'd send those gentry double-quick back to Whitechapel. And the gentlefolks, miss, it isn't right of them to encourage the trapping of larks when there's plenty of other food to be got. Well, my three-penn'orth o' barley that I bought in Newhaven is near done now."

She looked into the little wallet that she had twisted round in front of her.

"Oh, if you don't mind," said Nan, eagerly, "I will give you a shilling—or two or three shillings—to get some more."

"You could do better than that, miss," said Sal. "Maybe you know some one that lives in Lewes Crescent?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, ye see, miss, there's such a lot o' birds as won't eat grain at all; and if you was to get the key of the garden in Lewes Crescent, and get a man to sweep the snow off a bit of the grass, and your friends might throw down some mutton-bones and scraps from the kitchen, and the birds from far and near would find it out—being easily seen, as it might be. Half the thrushes and blackbirds along this country-side 'll be dead before this snow gives out."

"Oh, I will go back at once and do that," said Nan, readily.

"Look how they've been running about all the morning," said this fresh-colored, dark-eyed woman, regarding the traceries on the snow at her feet. "Most of them larks—you can see the spur. And that's a rook, with his big heavy claws. And there's a hare, miss—I should say he was trotting as light as could be—and there's nothing uglier than a trotting hare—he's like a race-horse walking—all stiff and jolting, because of the high aunches—haunches, miss. They're all bewildered-like, birds and beasts the same. I saw the pad of a fox close by Rottingdean; he must have come a long way to try for a poultry-yard. And, what's rarer, I saw a covey of partridges, miss, settle down on the sea as I was coming along by Saltdean Gap. They was tired out, poor things; and not driven before the wind either, but fighting against it, and going out to sea blind like; and then I saw them sink down on to the water, and then the waves knocked them about anyway. I hear there was a wonderful sight of brent-geese up by Berling Gap yesterday— But I'm keeping ye standing in the cold, miss—"

"I will walk back with you," said Nan, turning.

"No, miss. No, thank you, miss," said Sal, sturdily.

"But only as far as Lewes Crescent," said Nan, with a gentle laugh. "You know I am going to stop there for the mutton-bones. I want to know what has happened to you since the last time I saw you: that's a good while ago now."

"Two things, miss, has happened, that I'm proud of," said Sal, as the two set out to face the brisk westerly wind. "I was taking a turn through Surrey; and when I was at ——, they told me that a great poet lived close by there—Mr. ——."

"Of course every one knows Mr. ——," said Nan.

"I didn't," said Sal, rather shamefacedly. "You see, miss, the two I showed you are enough company for me; and I haven't got money to buy books wi'. Well, I was passing near the old gentleman's house, and he came out, and he spoke to me as we went along the road. He said he had seen me reading, the afternoon before, on the common; and he began to speak about poetry; and then he asked me if I had read any of Mr. ——'s, without saying he was himself. I was sorry to say no, miss, for he was such a kind old gentleman, but he said he would send me them; and most like they're waiting for me now at Goring, where I gave him an address. Lor', the questions he asked me!—about Shakspeare and Burns, you know, miss. I had them in my bag; and then about myself. I shouldn't wonder if he wrote a poem about me."

"Well, that's modest!" said Nan, with another quiet laugh.

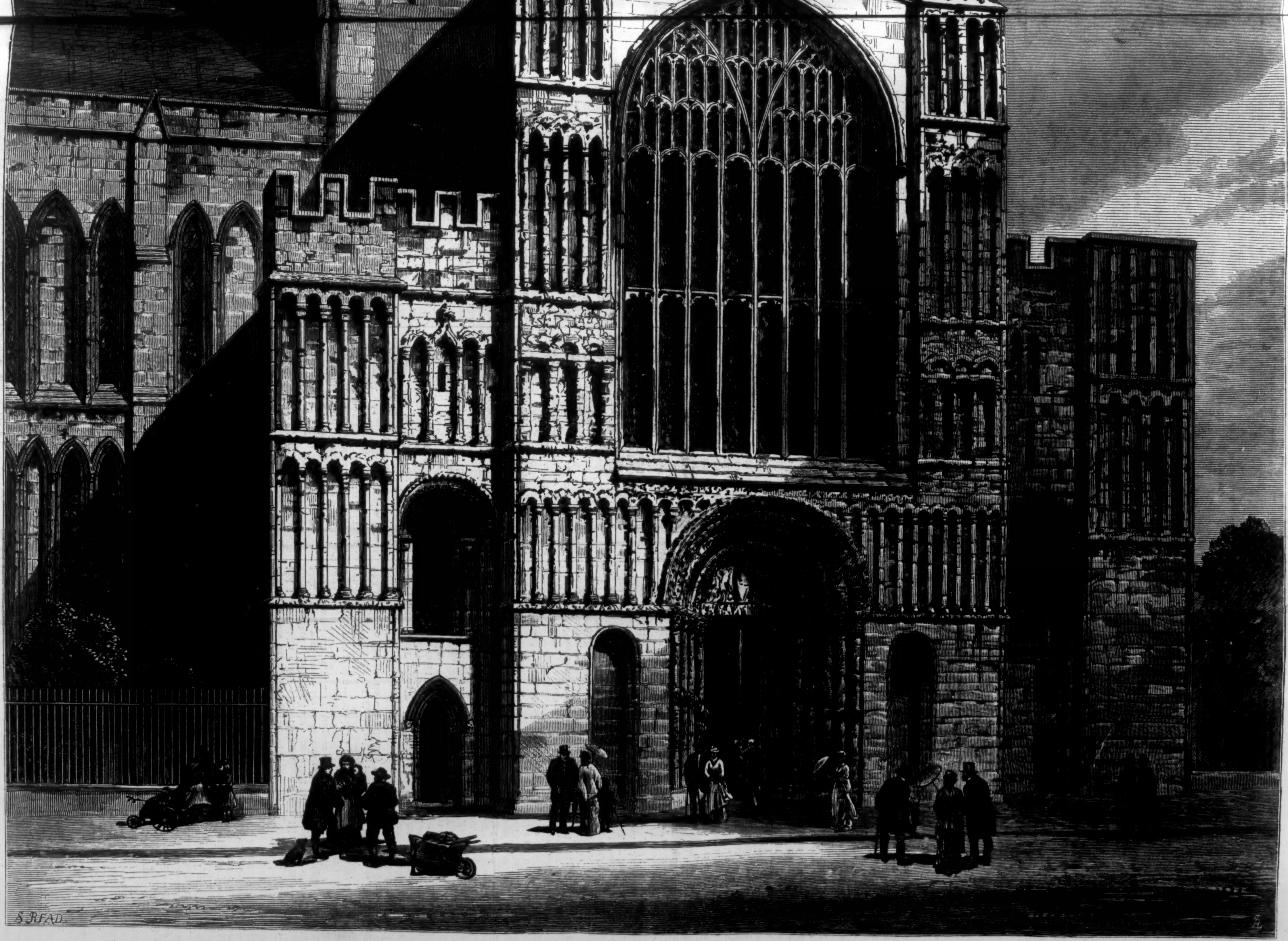
Sal did not at all like that gentle reproof.

"It isn't my pride, miss; it's what he said to me that I go by," she retorted. "I didn't ask him."

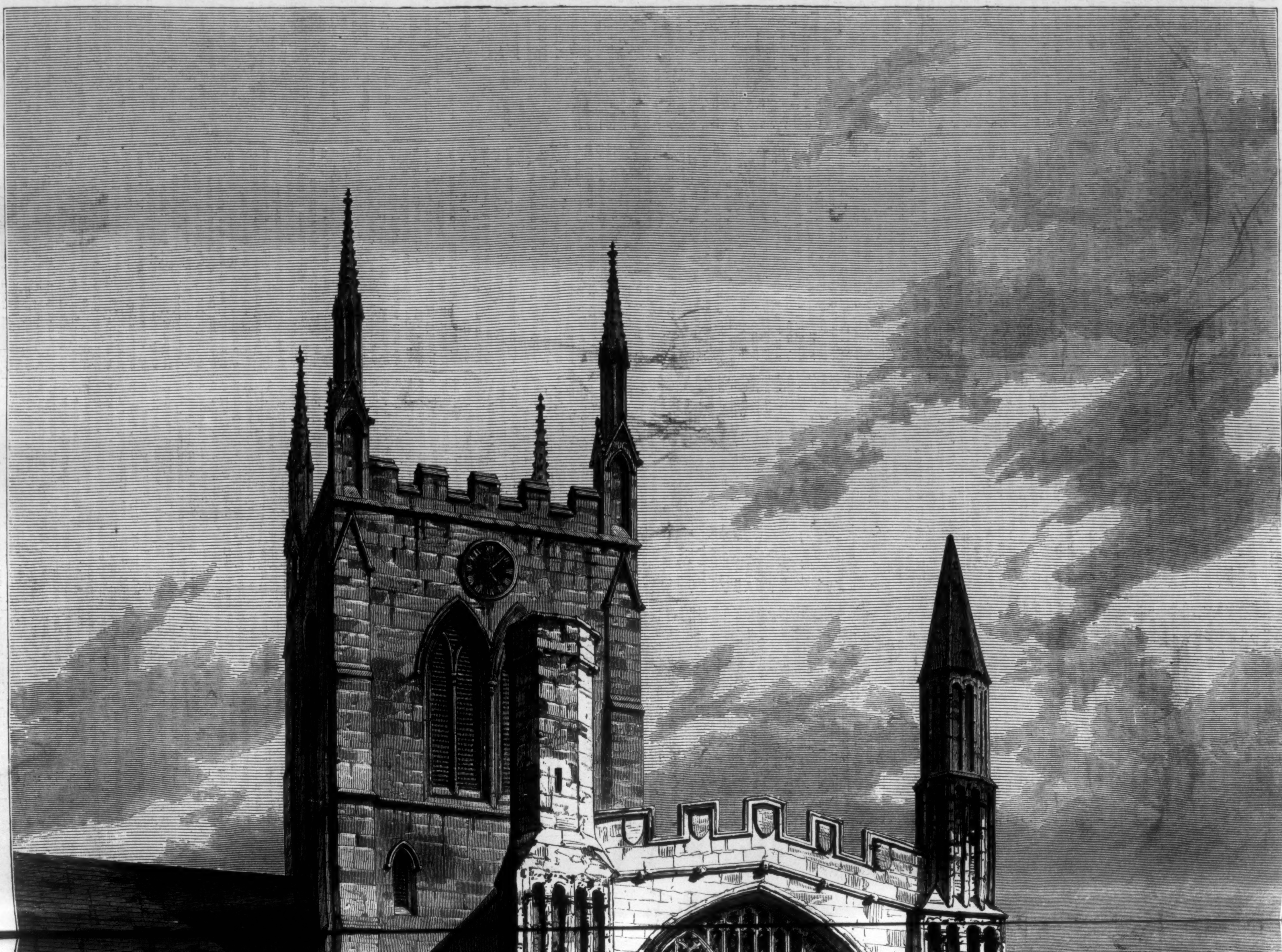
"If he does, all England will hear about you, then," said Nan. "And now, what was the other thing?"

Sal again grew shamefaced a little. She opened the inner side of her wallet, took out a soiled, weather-beaten copy of the "Globe" Shakspeare, and from it extracted a letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. No. 16—ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



THE SUN OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A SCENE IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787.

GRAVE men in groups within a plain large hall,
Good men, and brave, the wisest in the land,
And who, in answer to their country's call,
Had come, with thoughtful brain and ready hand,
To form anew the Charter of the Free,
The written bond 'twixt them and Liberty.

It lay upon the Speaker's table, fair
And white, as was the nation's hope and aim;
And with full confidence each touched it there,
And proudly signed it with a spotless name—
The bond bespeaking freedom for a race
Of future Freemen, worthy of their place.

Then, as they signed, Franklin, with that proud air
Which well befits a noble labor done,
Said, with a smile, "Behind the Speaker's chair
You must have noticed, friends, a painted sun,
With the horizon crimson, gold, and gray:
A rising sun, or setting, would you say?

"For painters in their art oft find it hard
Between the two to well discriminate,
Since for the rising and the setting sun
Nature puts on the same majestic state.
So, through our hopes and fears and discontent,
I oft have wondered which the painter meant.

"But, Mr. President, now that I see
This signed security for what we've won,
This guarantee for Peace and Liberty,
I know to-day it is *a rising sun*,
Whose splendid beams shall flood the world with light
Till Freedom shouts, 'I shall have no more night!'"

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE DEFIANCE.

THE vicar of Christowell, all this time, though he entered into society—as the people who like to be from home express it—was not unmindful of his wrongs. He had the pusillanimous feeling of a fellow who objects to the wrong end of the stick, now received by our noble country, with a sweet request for more. The latter, no doubt, is the loftier way of getting the worst of it, and leads up to the surety of getting it again. However, the old style seems to have been to lay hold of the cudgel, after serious groaning, and try how it would work with the other end.

It was not any very low desire for redress, nor even that selfish sense of property which now is being exploded by the powers of the age, nay, nor even that stability to dinner-time, which is now lost, because there is neither time nor dinner; but it was a large thing which bound the parson fast, as his own Mrs. Aggett had been tied that day, to the steadfast righting of his wrongs.

"Bain't no good for 'e to prache to me," old Betty Sage had declared to Mr. Short, when he could not help calling her to account for language, because of a baby running in between her legs, when the day was warm, and she was rather short of breath. "Passon Shart, tend thee own ouze fust. Happen, you swared a bit when they robbed 'e. Goo and vaind 'un out, if 'e knooeth Holy Scripter."

It was not her opinion only (although it carried great weight in the parish, now that her husband was away, and believed to be earning twice as much as he was worth), but it was the universal sense concerning the parson, and the sad way in which his people touched their hats to him, and the heap of small condolence which came in through Mrs. Aggett, that really drove this very clever-minded man to try to do something that should set him up again. For he could not bear to be pitied and advised, and to get no stick thumps on the floor in the very best part of his Sunday discourse.

For the better preservation of the peace, an act had been passed in the very last session, and already was beginning to do a good deal of mischief no further off than Exeter. A very considerable quantity of men had been appointed to preserve the peace, as county or district constables; but preferring foreign words to English, and knowing the fear that springs of them, they began to call themselves "Rural Police." Christowell had not heard of them yet, except through Carrier Pugsley; but there was a man at Manaton, a worthy parish constable, who said that he knew all about them, and could swear that they were the biggest fools going in the county.

Mr. Short, though he could not foresee the rising incapacity of this force, resolved (as a hater of new-fangled ways) to make no appeal to their vigilance. In his own shrewd mind he had formed a firm belief, though without any premises producible, that the man who had robbed his house was no other than the rogue in the swamp who had fired at his Nous. The people of the village, though they tried to recollect with a jogging of one memory against another, could not be sure that they had seen anybody, in the very heavy rain, going by that day, though they thought they must have looked at him if they had, because he would have been so wet like. But without twice moving of their minds, they spied the sense of it. The one that jumped to the top of church tower, the same came down to Vicarage; both praying and preaching was an empty gun-shot if you couldn't keep him out of your own kitchen.

"Physician, heal thyself," is the hardest and most unanswerable of all taunts—in the present condition of medicine; and when it is proved against the parson of a parish that he can not keep the Prince of Evil out of his own house, the sphere of his usefulness—to put it in the mildest form possible—becomes restricted. Parson Short was always used to be the master of his parish; and he vowed a great vow not to give away another sixpence until his flock were as dutiful as ever, and proud to run a race when he whistled.

There was a little woman now living at Okehampton who knew everything about almost everybody. She was closely connected with literature, not only because she kept a little paper shop, but also that she had a female cousin who wrote verses, and some of them were printed. The verses were good, and in the style of Dr. Watts, a poet undervalued now almost as much as he is misquoted. But that is quite beside the present question. Only that some people took it on themselves to declare that Mrs. Petherick never could have known all she did except for her connection with the press, and her son being 'prenticed at Exeter.

"The women are a hundred times sharper than the men round our part of the country," Jack Westcombe had said to Mr. Short one day. "The men see things and think no more about them; but they generally tell them to the women at the time, and the women make the meaning out of them. The next time you come our way, go and buy something from little Mrs. Petherick. You need not make her talk. She will do it without asking; and you may pick something up, for she knows everybody. Don't tell her who you are; see how cleverly she will find out."

The vicar had already made some expeditions into the depth of the moorland, and among the lonely farm-houses on the outskirts, in the vain hope of finding some trace of the fellow who had carried off his money, and what he valued more, the watch of his respected grandsire. Sometimes he took a fishing-rod, sometimes a gun, as a pretext for his wanderings; and once or twice he rode, and fastened up his horse while he was exploring dangerous parts. He even called once at the "Raven," and saw the man who could have told him many interesting things; but Gruff Howell held his peace, and neither there nor elsewhere was any sign forth-coming of the enemy. So now he went to see Mrs. Petherick, without even calling at Westcombe Hall.

The leaders of the age, whose main desire is to give fair play to every one, but first and foremost to all rogues (as they perpetually prove by preferring foreign to British produce), had lately made a mighty step toward enlightenment, and adulteration—a march of intellect known to the present generation as the "Reform Bill." Although from a bill it ungrubbed itself into an Act, and went hovering about, without doing half the harm expected (as a cock-chafer, after his larva stage, is harmless, and amuses bad boys when he is stuck upon a pin), yet there was a sad piece of mischief done here in the very town where Mrs. Petherick lived. That ancient and honorable town, Okehampton, baronial, royal chartered, standing on two rivers, was found to contain such a scarcity of rogues that it must not send any up to Parliament.

This blow had killed Mr. Petherick, according to the evidence of his widow, who must know best about it. He had always taken the lead among one hundred and fifty freemen, who returned two members with the truest pleasure every time they required returning. There could be no meaner thing than to dream of any possibility of harm in this. However, it must have been dreamed of, or why should Mrs. Petherick (who used to wear her own lace on nomination day, and again at the chairing, in her own bow-window) be driven at the present time to sell papers—though papers were a very decent trade, as yet—and spectacles, and tea-spoons of best Britannia metal, and to keep three young women in the back parlor making lace to pattern for the ladies all around?

Mr. Short knew very little of Okehampton, and was pleased to see how nice it looked, with its quiet old windows, and round-pebbled street, and church peeping down upon it from a wooded crest, and another church bravely sending back the look, and, above all, two very tiny bridges, scarcely half a pipeful of tobacco apart. Leisurely and round-faced folk live here, with a large amount of female fatness, and a breadth of brogue so spacious that even a Devonshire man can hardly make out what the boys are hollowing to one another. They all said, "Sarvant, sir," to Mr. Short, as soon as they had seen his horse and white tie; for the coaches, then running through the town from Falmouth, had a tendency to import good manners, wherein the railways do an export trade alone. Sturdy urchins, vying with one another, without any dream of a halfpenny for guerdon, led Mr. Short to Mrs. Petherick's shop, while Trumpeter stopped at the "White Hart," considering the important subject of refreshment.

If Mrs. Petherick had a fault (besides the original one of curiosity, which standeth in the following of Eve), it was that she preferred a new customer to an old one, being taken with the beauty of the bird in the bush. In the present loose days of Co-operative Stores (when the noble mind hesitates betwixt the pang of paying twice too much for a thing, and the pain of aggrieving a fine neighborly spirit) it may be true wisdom, in a solid tradesman, to flit about after fickle winds of money, because he has no sure trade-wind. But forty years ago a hap-hazard shilling might cool itself on the counter while the books were being done.

"And what can I do for you, sir, now? It is a pleasure to see a new face in Okehampton; the breeze of our wind brings a beautiful color into the cheeks of our visitors. I hope you are come to make a long stay, sir. The change of the weather makes such a difference, don't it? The clergy ought to go for change of air more often. Surely I must have the pleasure of seeing the Rev. Brown, of Manaton?"

"I heartily hope that you may, Mrs. Petherick," Mr. Short answered, without surprise, being used to the style of the Devon shop-keepers; "but I fear that you will have to wait some time, for he is in the hands of three doctors now."

"Ah, poor dear! It is very hard upon him. What a wicked thing that gout is, to be sure! It always attacks the clergy so bad. And what a lovely set of lace I sold him!—perhaps you have seen it upon Mrs. Brown, sir? Necklet, with lappets down to here, and cuffs to match, and a wide turn-over, all of the finest Honiton. And then the lady wanted more, and I made sure that you was come about it. But what can I do for your good lady, sir? Eliza, bring me drawer No. 3. We have just done a set of new Shiny-oister pattern, the fashionable flower at the young Queen's court, all drawed first on tissue-paper, and improved by my own hand, sir."

"They are indeed beautiful," said Mr. Short. "How I envy your taste, Mrs. Petherick! But, alas, at present there is no Mrs.— Ah, there, I was going to be rude, and trouble you with my name, which would not interest you."

"Yes, indeed, it would, sir, very much. Sometimes it appears to me very hard that we poor shop-keepers should be bound to keep our own names over the door, and yet have no idea who rings the bell. Did it ever strike you in that light, sir?"

"Never, till now. But I at once confess the grievance. But, oh, Mrs. Petherick, you know too much already. I hear that you are the cleverest lady in Okehampton."

"Only in the way of laces, sir, and book-learning, and politeness. There are many as can buy and sell me, because what they sell is mostly rubbish. I just get the cost of the thread, and the time, and the victuals my young ladies eats. You may see them at work, if you come here. They like to be looked at by a gentleman; but away go their pillows if a lady peeps in."

"Come, come, Mrs. Petherick, you are too bad. I did not mean to buy any lace. But have you any pattern in roses? I know a young lady—quite a child—"

"Then, sir, I have the very thing for you. Moss-roses in the bud, my own designing; the loveliest thing, and so reasonable!"

The parson bought a very pretty piece of work for a couple of guineas, and was having it packed, when the coach from Falmouth, the old Defiance, came over the western bridge at a brisk trot, with a great horn-blowing, and pulled up at the inn. Mrs. Petherick rushed to the window to gaze, and her customer opened the door to do the same.

"My goodness! there he is. I shall drop, sir, I shall drop," the little woman cried; but she did not drop, though her ruddy cheeks lost all their color. "What a burning shame it is to our country that such a villain should walk the earth!"

Mr. Short, without asking what she meant, stepped back to be sure that she did not want help; and then, instead of going to the door again, took a chair and sat down to watch the coach through the light things hanging in the window. There was nothing unusual, so far as he could see. The coachman did what a coachman always does, or did, until he became extinct. He threw down the reins, with a condescending nod, handed his whip to a gentleman behind—for the gentleman on the box descended to stand treat—and then after thumping himself on the chest, although it was a shirt-sleeve day, down he went very clumsily and slowly, even as a boatman is one of the worst to get into or out of his own boat.

"He is a most abstemious man," said Mrs. Petherick; "at this time of year, he scarcely ever takes anything stronger than brandy and lemonade. That man has fourteen children. And he scarcely looks five-and-thirty yet. He is planting his children all along the road. He drives twelve stages, up one day, and down the next; and they say that he means to have two children at every stage, all born in holy matrimony, as I myself can testify, because his wife was a barmaid here." The lady of the shop had now recovered from her scare, and seemed anxious to divert attention from it. But the parson would not have it so.

"If I may ask without rudeness," he said, "what was it that frightened you when the coach came in? They all seem very quiet, tidy people. My sight is pretty good. I can see their faces, and I can not see anything formidable yet. Perhaps the one that frightened you jumped down before I looked."

"No, sir; he is there, with his shoulders toward us, and his back against a brown-haired trunk. These day coaches carry no proper guard; they only have a boy to blow the horn; and the man I mean is sitting, or slouching, next to the one who is opposite the boy. There! he has put his hand up to his chin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE exterior of this cathedral is not prepossessing; it is seen to the best advantage from the heights above Chatham, rising over the curve of the Medway, as it then groups with the Norman keep of the castle and the trees which cluster round the donjon mound. There are, however, some very interesting portions in the GUNDULPH tower and the choir transept. The nave is entered under a fine portal arch, containing images of HENRY I. and Queen MATILDA; above it are sculptures, with our Lord sitting in doom or majesty. Two arcaded turrets flank the large Perpendicular central window. On the north side of the nave there is a cemetery door, by which the parishioners left the church, having visited in procession St. WILLIAM'S shrine, entering at first by the north doorway of the main transept; on the south side stood the almonry.

On the northeast side of the Early English transept is the rude and massive tower of GUNDULPH, with the wax chamber, sacristan's chequer, and treasury, approached both from above and below. Traces of the oven and chimney for baking altar-bread in one of the chambers are still visible.

The nave is Norman, of the time of GUNDULPH and ERNULPH; the clear-story and north aisle windows have Perpendicular tracery of the same date as the ceiling. The triforium is simply a deep arcade, for there is no vaulting over the aisles. The two eastern bays were reconstructed with the tower in the fourteenth century; the doorway which led to the rood-loft remains on the north side; a large choir entry was then formed under the crossing. On the south side the Lady-chapel or new work, of the early part of the fifteenth century, occupies an unusual position outside the aisle at the east end. The tomb of St. WILLIAM adjoined the original Lady-altar in the north wing of the choir transept; the remainder of the church is Early English. From the main transept a flight of ten stairs leads up to the rood-loft at the entrance of the choir, which is built over a crypt. The crossing was left free for the passage of the monks in entering from the cloisters, which lay eastward of the transept. The holy-water stoup marks the doorway by which they came in.

The choir, very narrow, is walled off from the aisles by arcaded screens, which were colored. Some Early English portions of the uncanopied stalls and a mural painting of the "Wheel of Fortune" are preserved. Stairs in the south aisle lead down to the crypt; another flight of steps in the north aisle led pilgrims up to St. WILLIAM'S shrine, or that of St. PAULINUS, which was placed here in an unusual position. The south choir aisle, or St. EDMUND'S chapel, is of the time of EDWARD I. The whole retrochoir on either side is unshapely. The entire eastern arm has vaulting of the thirteenth century. The choir transept marks the division between the choir and the presbytery. It has an eastern aisle for chapels. Hangings of tapestry closed the arches of this transept. At the high altar, in 1329, the chaplain of the deprived rector of Bromley, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicated the bishop, and duly suffered for his temerity. The beautiful doorway of the sacristy, built over an undercroft, is in the southeast angle of the choir transept; it is of the fourteenth century, and has sculptures of the four Latin Fathers, Purgatory, and the Church and Synagogue, as a woman blind-folded holding the two tables.

The dimensions of the cathedral are, internally, 313 feet in length; nave, 159 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 55 feet high; main transept, 122.3 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and 55 feet in height; choir transept, 92 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 55 feet in height; choir, 56 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 55 feet high; presbytery, 91 feet long and 30 feet wide; central tower, 156 feet high; GUNDULPH'S tower, 24 feet long, 24 wide, and 95 high.

In 1075, four secular canons were living here on a pittance. Bishop GUNDULPH, in 1083, began to rebuild the cathedral for Benedictine monks, and completed the east end, crypt, and a north and probably a south tower. Bishop ERNULPH, about 1115, added the nave and west front, and the dedication was held on May 8, 1130, in the presence of HENRY I. On June 3, 1138, the cathedral was burned, and on April 10, 1177, the central part of the church was injured by fire. In 1215, King JOHN plundered the church even to the pyx that hung above the altar. After the canonization of St. WILLIAM, money flowed in, and the presbytery and its crypt, with the choir transept, were built about 1200. The main transept was then rebuilt, and the church dedicated on November 5, 1240; but the new choir had been already occupied since May 9, 1227. On Good-Friday, 1264, the troops of SIMON MONTFORT, entering with knights on horseback, made prisoners of the monks, tore from the altars worshippers who were commemorating our Lord's Passion, destroyed the monuments, and turned the nave into stables. In 1343, Bishop HETHE built the sacristy, and the central tower as a belfry, with a wooden spire, and inserted the decorated windows in the south wing of the transept and other parts.

The cloisters were built by Bishop GLANVILLE, hence called a co-founder, 1185–1215. The refectory was added about 1330. The alleys had no stone arcades, and the monks used blinds when the sun was hot. They communicated with the transept by an entry, and by a slype under its wall with the almonry court. The chapter-house, 1115, retains the arcaded east wall, and the western arches of the front, wrought with the diaper which marks ERNULPH'S handiwork, and the signs of the zodiac, with three rich windows above. The next doorway, that of the slype, leading to the monks' cemetery, has a sculpture of the "Sacrifice of Isaac." There are two other doorways, one of which opened probably into the common-room in an undercroft. There are some few remains of the refectory, its passage to a pulpit, and lavatory—Early English. The cemetery gate on the northwest, the prior's gate, about 1330, on the southwest, part of a system of crenellation licensed by the crown, the gateway arch leading to the prior's lodge, and a small tower arch, which opened into the southwest angle of the cloister, remain. St. WILLIAM'S gate, fronting the north transept door, the infirmary, and sacristan's chequer, were on the northeast of the cathedral, and the guest-house on the southeast, within the precinct walls, which were extended to a considerable distance from the church on the south and east in the reign of EDWARD III.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Vaccination Fever.—The Rational Dress Society.—French Critics.—Bees and Mosquitoes in London.—Copyright in China.

IN the old days of imprisonment for debt there was a story told of a certain nervous and impecunious gentleman, who, if any one touched him on the arm by accident, would inquire, apprehensively, "At whose suit?" The bailiff is no longer the terror to evildoers that he was wont to be, but a touch on the arm puts us more on the *qui vive* than ever. "Yah!" we say (even the most refined of us); "mind my vaccination spots!" Everybody, save that small proportion of mischievous idiots who mistake an ignorant obstinacy for the suffering for conscience' sake, is just now "having it done." And "Has it taken?" is the great question of the hour. There is a tremendous run on "arm guards" at the chemists' shops, while, on the other hand, the demand for low dresses at the milliners' has perceptibly decreased. Even the passion for "thought-reading" has subsided a little, since the arm of the victim is the limb which the operator is naturally moved to pinch in assisting psychological inquiry.

It is not often that patronage recommends itself to me, even if it takes a shape that is commendable, but the new society formed against the continuous changes of fashion in ladies' dress, and for the promotion of health and ease in the same, has, notwithstanding that it starts under distinguished auspices, my most cordial sympathy. Of late years the mutations of female costume have been not only frequent, but violent. Within a very few years the pendulum of fashion has swung from the extreme of breadth to the Ultima Thule of narrowness. Only imagine the sensation which a lady in a crinoline would make now among a bevy of her own sex, whose clothes hang around their fair forms as though they were so many Ophelias recently escaped from drowning, and whose garments have been wrung out. To this dress, in which they look vowed to Neptune, an immense train is added, which, independently of its tripping up other people, has to be furtively kicked aside in order that the wearer may advance in any direction. It is possible that we have not reached the limit of hideousness and inconvenience even yet, and that the milliners may be devising some still more monstrous garb, the one practical proviso of which is that it shall be expensive. A certain Parisian lady whose Greek profile is faultless has lately defined a good figure as "the refuge of the ugly"; and certainly we have now every opportunity of observing whether ladies of fashion in our own country have that refuge or not. The object of the society I speak of is to persuade ladies to think a little for themselves, and to adopt what is becoming, even if it is not quite so costly as the present style of attire. It will suggest costumes in which graceful movement is possible, and, above all, will avoid those injuries to health to which Fashion shows herself so grossly indifferent.

Last week is famous for the discovery of a modest Frenchman. It is probably for the first time that any one of the Gallic nation has laid his hand upon his heart, as M. Sarcey, the dramatic critic, has done ("Modest, though Sarcey," should be his motto), and owned that anything was better done out of Paris than in it. He admits, however, that the English study the French theatre accurately, "so that they know it even in its least important works; while as for me, outside Shakspeare, I have only read a few works whose celebrity has overcome my indifference. It is not mine alone, however; we Frenchmen are all more or less in the same state. Foreigners do not interest us." Ofthe truth of this there is no doubt; and M. Sarcey might have added that there is no civilized nation under heaven that is so grossly ignorant of everything which does not pertain to their own national life as the French. It must be confessed, however, that had not M. Sarcey chanced to meet with a clique of London critics who, if somewhat given to magnify their office, do really make a kind of study of their profession, his admiration for our knowledge of our neighbors and their concerns would have been greatly mitigated, even if it had been excited at all. "Foreigners do not interest us" is a remark that we may, if we are honest, apply to ourselves, though in certain circles there is an affectation of regard for them which I fear is not more than skin-deep. It confines itself principally to the personal appearance of the actresses who come over with the French company in the London season.

It is not generally known, but we are getting very Arcadian in London. In Wellington Street last week a swarm of bees assembled, not in the *Gardener's Chronicle* office, nor in Mr. Potter's *Beehive*, as by rights they should have done, but in the *Army and Navy Gazette* office. What honey they expected to get out of *that*, not even Mr. Darwin can tell us; but as the sweetest scents are procured from the most unlikely substances, so it may be with honey. "Mr. Tegetmeier," we are told, "at once procured a box" (I suppose from the Lyceum Theatre opposite), "and hived them, in the presence of an astonished crowd." Bees, unless under a glass case, I don't admire. I never believe "if you will only keep quiet and let it settle" (perhaps on your nose), that a bee won't sting you; and what I dislike even more than being taken "to see the stables" at a friend's country house is being introduced to his apiary. Still, bees (if there is a Tegetmeier to hive them) are endurable. What I do object to is the immigration into town of mosquitoes. Of late summers they have regularly appeared in South Belgravia, and they are there now. I had rather live in Pentonville with fleas (so long as it was out of its prison), than in Belgravia with mosquitoes. One has already bitten an Irish member, the papers say, "and prevented him from attending to his Parliamentary duties." This seems a strange story. It is surely a very far fetched excuse for an extremely common omission, and it has also the flavor of a most prodigious puff, for who believes that Irish members live in Belgravia? However, in these Land League times (with generous American sympathy), everything is possible; and it is certain, whether the honorable gentleman is in Belgravia or not, the mosquitoes are there.

In China I read that there is a perpetual copyright for an author's productions. The infringement of it is punished by a hundred blows on the feet, and transportation for three years. The first penalty is admirable, but I doubt whether the second would always have a deterrent effect. Would a Chicago pirate publisher, for example, live in Chicago if he could help it? However, the principle is excellent, and except for Mr. Thomas Hughes, who had rather be read than remunerated for his writings, and Mr. Leslie Stephen, who doesn't see why he should be paid for them at all, China must be an Elysium for authors. If it wasn't for the difficulty I experience in acquiring languages, and for the sea-passage, which is of considerable length, I think I should obtain letters of naturalization and become a Celestial before my time.

The man in Baker Street who has the garden on his roof-top is said to be getting on capitally with his cucumbers and French beans, and to have some promise of strawberries. It may be so, but I have strained my eyes in vain in trying to catch sight of his garden from the street in question (a straw down one's back is disagreeable, but it's nothing, let me tell you, to a crick in one's neck). It is impossible, at all events, that those French beans can be very tall. If the journalist who narrates this marvel is in want of "copy," and finds the subject too great a strain upon his imagination, I would recommend him to turn to *Our Mutual Friend*, where he will find a very detailed account of a garden on a roof-top. R. KEMBLE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT is said that the recent buying of four million acres in Florida by Hamilton Disson, of Philadelphia, was the largest purchase of land ever made by an individual. The deed was given by the State, and it is understood that the price was about two dollars per acre. It is said that the land was bought for the purpose of speculation.

The lightning this season has been of almost unprecedented severity. A single bolt killed two Kentucky mules, and still had force enough to bury itself in the ground.

A member of the Texas Legislature was a witness in a civil suit. His replies and voluntary statements were of a rambling and not wholly respectful nature, and the Court reprimanded him in these words: "You will please pay attention to what you are saying. Remember you are not in the Legislature at present."

The only pawnbroker in Tombstone, Arizona, has been convicted of a felony. The report of the trial closes with the information that "most of the jurors had his tickets in their pockets."

After footing up the amounts said to have been cleared in this country during the past amusement season by popular actors and actresses, it is difficult to understand how any one else can have made any money, unless the balance of trade between this and other countries has been much more favorable to the United States than the figures of economists have it. But before giving way to envy it would be well to think of the vast losses suffered by the stars of the theatrical firmament through the diamond robberies of which they have been the victims.

A signal station in Arizona has on record for this season a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

A provision of a new liquor law which went into effect in Rhode Island on July 1 is that no license shall be granted to sell liquors within four hundred feet of a public school. It remains to be seen whether the hotels or the school-houses will be moved out of the State.

The Oconomowoc *Local* asks, "Who is Schachtsneider?" Another hard one would be, Where and what is Oconomowoc?

A photographer in Bradford, Illinois, committed suicide. Suggestion for an epitaph: "Taken from life by himself."

A writer claims that England's boast that the sun never sets in her domain is no more than may be truthfully said of his own country by the patriotic citizen of the United States. Before the sun's rays disappear from the American flag at the most westerly point of the Aleutian Islands, he claims, they touch it again at Calais, Maine.

A daring theorist in France accounts for the many mysterious disappearances by suggesting that some of them are cases of actual and total dissolution—of instantaneous conversion into thin air. In support of his theory this writer avers that he was once walking with a friend, engaged in a political discussion, when, presto! a strong sulphurous smell was all that remained of his disputatious companion. Perhaps the odor was that of the discussion, and the friend had dropped around the corner to shake hands with a candidate.

The claim is put forth from a mountain resort that there should be some authoritative decision as to what constitutes a watering-place. It is urged that a clam-chowder sign and a mud-puddle are inadequate.

Breadth and freedom of criticism which come of intimate knowledge of events in the artistic world are exemplified in a mention of the performance of a minstrel troupe which recently visited Carson, Nevada. Of one of the artists it is written that he "was equally at home in the elaborate figures of the national hoe-down of Louisiana, and his costume and swaying motions reminded one of the Nautch girls of India. There was no need of an orchestra; his movements all suggested music in its highest forms. The balance of the lot," the critic goes on, "leaning gracefully against the wings, formed a picture which would have delighted a squad of Metropolitan Police."

The unusual sound of a swarm of bees moving through the air was heared the other day in one of the down-town streets. A man with presence of mind astonished the other listeners by beginning to beat a wild tattoo on the head of an empty barrel. The bees answered his call, and clustered on an object [illegible] him, and they were soon hived.

The coach of the Cornell University boat crew in England, instead of keeping abreast of the oarsmen in a steam-launch, rides along the bank of the river on horseback.

A woman who kept a boarding-house in San Francisco had for a boarder an impecunious insurance agent. She was on the point of turning the young man away, when he offered to settle his bill by giving her an insurance policy for three thousand dollars on her life. The woman accepted the offer, and the policy was made payable to her little daughter. In the following week she was taken sick, and after a few days she died. The insurance money was paid to the child's guardian.

A post that is dreaded by telegraph operators is a railway office at Limestone Gap, in the Choctaw Nation. It is said that not less than a hundred operators have been sent to that lonely spot, and that none has remained more than two weeks. Those who have tried it return with blood-curdling stories of the nightly orgies of spooks of the lowest grade. After an operator has seen a week's service there, he is regarded by the men along the line as a veteran.

Columbia College went into the boat-race with Harvard at New London with four men who had been pulling together for some time, and with four other men to make up the crew. Harvard went into the race with a well-trained eight, and easily defeated the Columbia four and the men who were endeavoring with little practice to pull with them.

Chinese merchants in other lands than China seldom figure among bankrupts. The recent failure of Hop Hi & Co., a firm in New South Wales, with liabilities of over fifty thousand dollars, therefore occasioned much surprise in trade circles there. To American ears the firm name suggests the firm's present condition, it being a sort of equivalent for the commercial phrase "going up." The information at hand does not afford an answer to the question whether the Chinese in Australia have yet learned how to become wealthy through financial failures.

Some German of a statistical turn of mind has been in this country, or perhaps has been reading a French book of travel in America. A little paper printed in Germany says, "A statistician thoroughly acquainted with figures assures us that the American women yearly use enough cosmetics to paint 37,000 houses."

In his oration on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop congratulated the Bostonians on the fact that the monument not being a monolith, "there will be no temptation for archæologists to dislocate it from its rightful surroundings, and bear it away to strange and uncongenial climes." Persons intent upon bearing away objects of art and antiquity would not be tempted to carry off the monument anyway, so long as the choice of possessing the Navy-yard stack remained for them.

Pennsylvania legislators are apt to forget to adjourn till the voices of their constituents, clamoring to have the day of adjournment made a legal holiday, awaken them to a sense of their obligations.

Two experimental shafts for the proposed tunnel under the English Channel have been sunk on the English side, and two on the French side, and from one of the shafts sunk in English soil a gallery twenty-one feet in diameter and some twenty-five hundred feet long has been driven. It has been found that the earth there is impermeable to water, and it is estimated that the tunnel heading could be carried along at the rate of two miles a year. Similar experiments on the French side justify the same conclusions. It is said that the English and the French tunnel companies have agreed to bore a mile farther each, when they expect to have sufficient information at hand to enable them to arrive at a treaty for the completion of the work.

THE SUN OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A SCENE IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787.

Grave men in groups within a plain large hall,
Good men, and brave, the wisest in the land,
And who, in answer to their country's call,
Had come, with thoughtful brain and ready hand,
To form anew the Charter of the Free,
The written bond 'twixt them and Liberty.

It lay upon the Speaker's table, fair
And white, as was the nation's hope and aim;
And with full confidence each touched it there,
And proudly signed it with a spotless name—
The bond bespeaking freedom for a race
Of future Freemen, worthy of their place.

Then, as they signed, Franklin, with that proud air
Which well befits a noble labor done,
Said, with a smile, "Behind the Speaker's chair
You must have noticed, friends, a painted sun,
With the horizon crimson, gold, and gray:
A rising sun, or setting, would you say?

"For painters in their art oft find it hard
Between the two to well discriminate,
Since for the rising and the setting sun
Nature puts on the same majestic state.
So, through our hopes and fears and discontent,
I oft have wondered which the painter meant.

"But, Mr. President, now that I see
This signed security for what we've won,
This guarantee for Peace and Liberty,
I know to-day it is *a rising sun*,
Whose splendid beams shall flood the world with light
Till Freedom shouts, 'I shall have no more night!'"

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE DEFIANCE.

The vicar of Christowell, all this time, though he entered into society—as the people who like to be from home express it—was not unmindful of his wrongs. He had the pusillanimous feeling of a fellow who objects to the wrong end of the stick, now received by our noble country, with a sweet request for more. The latter, no doubt, is the loftier way of getting the worst of it, and leads up to the surety of getting it again. However, the old style seems to have been to lay hold of the cudgel, after serious groaning, and try how it would work with the other end.

It was not any very low desire for redress, nor even that selfish sense of property which now is being exploded by the powers of the age, nay, nor even that stability to dinner-time, which is now lost, because there is neither time nor dinner; but it was a large thing which bound the parson fast, as his own Mrs. Aggett had been tied that day, to the steadfast righting of his wrongs.

"Bain't no good for 'e to prache to me," old Betty Sage had declared to Mr. Short, when he could not help calling her to account for language, because of a baby running in between her legs, when the day was warm, and she was rather short of breath. "Passon Shart, tend thee own ouze fust. Happen, you swared a bit when they robbed 'e. Goo and vaind 'un out, if 'e knooeth Holy Scripter."

It was not her opinion only (although it carried great weight in the parish, now that her husband was away, and believed to be earning twice as much as he was worth), but it was the universal sense concerning the parson, and the sad way in which his people touched their hats to him, and the heap of small condolence which came in through Mrs. Aggett, that really drove this very clever-minded man to try to do something that should set him up again. For he could not bear to be pitied and advised, and to get no stick thumps on the floor in the very best part of his Sunday discourse.

For the better preservation of the peace, an act had been passed in the very last session, and already was beginning to do a good deal of mischief no further off than Exeter. A very considerable quantity of men had been appointed to preserve the peace, as county or district constables; but preferring foreign words to English, and knowing the fear that springs of them, they began to call themselves "Rural Police." Christowell had not heard of them yet, except through Carrier Pugsley; but there was a man at Manaton, a worthy parish constable, who said that he knew all about them, and could swear that they were the biggest fools going in the county.

Mr. Short, though he could not foresee the rising incapacity of this force, resolved (as a hater of new-fangled ways) to make no appeal to their vigilance. In his own shrewd mind he had formed a firm belief, though without any premises producible, that the man who had robbed his house was no other than the rogue in the swamp who had fired at his Nous. The people of the village, though they tried to recollect with a jogging of one memory against another, could not be sure that they had seen anybody, in the very heavy rain, going by that day, though they thought they must have looked at him if they had, because he would have been so wet like. But without twice moving of their minds, they spied the sense of it. The one that jumped to the top of church tower, the same came down to Vicarage; both praying and preaching was an empty gun-shot if you couldn't keep him out of your own kitchen.

"Physician, heal thyself," is the hardest and most unanswerable of all taunts—in the present condition of medicine; and when it is proved against the parson of a parish that he can not keep the Prince of Evil out of his own house, the sphere of his usefulness—to put it in the mildest form possible—becomes restricted. Parson Short was always used to be the master of his parish; and he vowed a great vow not to give away another sixpence until his flock were as dutiful as ever, and proud to run a race when he whistled.

There was a little woman now living at Okehampton who knew everything about almost everybody. She was closely connected with literature, not only because she kept a little paper shop, but also that she had a female cousin who wrote verses, and some of them were printed. The verses were good, and in the style of Dr. Watts, a poet undervalued now almost as much as he is misquoted. But that is quite beside the present question. Only that some people took it on themselves to declare that Mrs. Petherick never could have known all she did except for her connection with the press, and her son being 'prenticed at Exeter.

"The women are a hundred times sharper than the men round our part of the country," Jack Westcombe had said to Mr. Short one day. "The men see things and think no more about them; but they generally tell them to the women at the time, and the women make the meaning out of them. The next time you come our way, go and buy something from little Mrs. Petherick. You need not make her talk. She will do it without asking; and you may pick something up, for she knows everybody. Don't tell her who you are; see how cleverly she will find out."

The vicar had already made some expeditions into the depth of the moorland, and among the lonely farm-houses on the outskirts, in the vain hope of finding some trace of the fellow who had carried off his money, and what he valued more, the watch of his respected grandsire. Sometimes he took a fishing-rod, sometimes a gun, as a pretext for his wanderings; and once or twice he rode, and fastened up his horse while he was exploring dangerous parts. He even called once at the "Raven," and saw the man who could have told him many interesting things; but Gruff Howell held his peace, and neither there nor elsewhere was any sign forth-coming of the enemy. So now he went to see Mrs. Petherick, without even calling at Westcombe Hall.

The leaders of the age, whose main desire is to give fair play to every one, but first and foremost to all rogues (as they perpetually prove by preferring foreign to British produce), had lately made a mighty step toward enlightenment, and adulteration—a march of intellect known to the present generation as the "Reform Bill." Although from a bill it ungrubbed itself into an Act, and went hovering about, without doing half the harm expected (as a cock-chafer, after his larva stage, is harmless, and amuses bad boys when he is stuck upon a pin), yet there was a sad piece of mischief done here in the very town where Mrs. Petherick lived. That ancient and honorable town, Okehampton, baronial, royal chartered, standing on two rivers, was found to contain such a scarcity of rogues that it must not send any up to Parliament.

This blow had killed Mr. Petherick, according to the evidence of his widow, who must know best about it. He had always taken the lead among one hundred and fifty freemen, who returned two members with the truest pleasure every time they required returning. There could be no meaner thing than to dream of any possibility of harm in this. However, it must have been dreamed of, or why should Mrs. Petherick (who used to wear her own lace on nomination day, and again at the chairing, in her own bow-window) be driven at the present time to sell papers—though papers were a very decent trade, as yet—and spectacles, and tea-spoons of best Britannia metal, and to keep three young women in the back parlor making lace to pattern for the ladies all around?

Mr. Short knew very little of Okehampton, and was pleased to see how nice it looked, with its quiet old windows, and round-pebbled street, and church peeping down upon it from a wooded crest, and another church bravely sending back the look, and, above all, two very tiny bridges, scarcely half a pipeful of tobacco apart. Leisurely and round-faced folk live here, with a large amount of female fatness, and a breadth of brogue so spacious that even a Devonshire man can hardly make out what the boys are hollowing to one another. They all said, "Sarvant, sir," to Mr. Short, as soon as they had seen his horse and white tie; for the coaches, then running through the town from Falmouth, had a tendency to import good manners, wherein the railways do an export trade alone. Sturdy urchins, vying with one another, without any dream of a halfpenny for guerdon, led Mr. Short to Mrs. Petherick's shop, while Trumpeter stopped at the "White Hart," considering the important subject of refreshment.

If Mrs. Petherick had a fault (besides the original one of curiosity, which standeth in the following of Eve), it was that she preferred a new customer to an old one, being taken with the beauty of the bird in the bush. In the present loose days of Co-operative Stores (when the noble mind hesitates betwixt the pang of paying twice too much for a thing, and the pain of aggrieving a fine neighborly spirit) it may be true wisdom, in a solid tradesman, to flit about after fickle winds of money, because he has no sure trade-wind. But forty years ago a hap-hazard shilling might cool itself on the counter while the books were being done.

"And what can I do for you, sir, now? It is a pleasure to see a new face in Okehampton; the breeze of our wind brings a beautiful color into the cheeks of our visitors. I hope you are come to make a long stay, sir. The change of the weather makes such a difference, don't it? The clergy ought to go for change of air more often. Surely I must have the pleasure of seeing the Rev. Brown, of Manaton?"

"I heartily hope that you may, Mrs. Petherick," Mr. Short answered, without surprise, being used to the style of the Devon shop-keepers; "but I fear that you will have to wait some time, for he is in the hands of three doctors now."

"Ah, poor dear! It is very hard upon him. What a wicked thing that gout is, to be sure! It always attacks the clergy so bad. And what a lovely set of lace I sold him!—perhaps you have seen it upon Mrs. Brown, sir? Necklet, with lappets down to here, and cuffs to match, and a wide turn-over, all of the finest Honiton. And then the lady wanted more, and I made sure that you was come about it. But what can I do for your good lady, sir? Eliza, bring me drawer No. 3. We have just done a set of new Shiny-oister pattern, the fashionable flower at the young Queen's court, all drawed first on tissue-paper, and improved by my own hand, sir."

"They are indeed beautiful," said Mr. Short. "How I envy your taste, Mrs. Petherick! But, alas, at present there is no Mrs.— Ah, there, I was going to be rude, and trouble you with my name, which would not interest you."

"Yes, indeed, it would, sir, very much. Sometimes it appears to me very hard that we poor shop-keepers should be bound to keep our own names over the door, and yet have no idea who rings the bell. Did it ever strike you in that light, sir?"

"Never, till now. But I at once confess the grievance. But, oh, Mrs. Petherick, you know too much already. I hear that you are the cleverest lady in Okehampton."

"Only in the way of laces, sir, and book-learning, and politeness. There are many as can buy and sell me, because what they sell is mostly rubbish. I just get the cost of the thread, and the time, and the victuals my young ladies eats. You may see them at work, if you come here. They like to be looked at by a gentleman; but away go their pillows if a lady peeps in."

"Come, come, Mrs. Petherick, you are too bad. I did not mean to buy any lace. But have you any pattern in roses? I know a young lady—quite a child—"

"Then, sir, I have the very thing for you. Moss-roses in the bud, my own designing; the loveliest thing, and so reasonable!"

The parson bought a very pretty piece of work for a couple of guineas, and was having it packed, when the coach from Falmouth, the old Defiance, came over the western bridge at a brisk trot, with a great horn-blowing, and pulled up at the inn. Mrs. Petherick rushed to the window to gaze, and her customer opened the door to do the same.

"My goodness! there he is. I shall drop, sir, I shall drop," the little woman cried; but she did not drop, though her ruddy cheeks lost all their color. "What a burning shame it is to our country that such a villain should walk the earth!"

Mr. Short, without asking what she meant, stepped back to be sure that she did not want help; and then, instead of going to the door again, took a chair and sat down to watch the coach through the light things hanging in the window. There was nothing unusual, so far as he could see. The coachman did what a coachman always does, or did, until he became extinct. He threw down the reins, with a condescending nod, handed his whip to a gentleman behind—for the gentleman on the box descended to stand treat—and then after thumping himself on the chest, although it was a shirt-sleeve day, down he went very clumsily and slowly, even as a boatman is one of the worst to get into or out of his own boat.

"He is a most abstemious man," said Mrs. Petherick; "at this time of year, he scarcely ever takes anything stronger than brandy and lemonade. That man has fourteen children. And he scarcely looks five-and-thirty yet. He is planting his children all along the road. He drives twelve stages, up one day, and down the next; and they say that he means to have two children at every stage, all born in holy matrimony, as I myself can testify, because his wife was a barmaid here." The lady of the shop had now recovered from her scare, and seemed anxious to divert attention from it. But the parson would not have it so.

"If I may ask without rudeness," he said, "what was it that frightened you when the coach came in? They all seem very quiet, tidy people. My sight is pretty good. I can see their faces, and I can not see anything formidable yet. Perhaps the one that frightened you jumped down before I looked."

"No, sir; he is there, with his shoulders toward us, and his back against a brown-haired trunk. These day coaches carry no proper guard; they only have a boy to blow the horn; and the man I mean is sitting, or slouching, next to the one who is opposite the boy. There! he has put his hand up to his chin."

[to be continued.]

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The exterior of this cathedral is not prepossessing; it is seen to the best advantage from the heights above Chatham, rising over the curve of the Medway, as it then groups with the Norman keep of the castle and the trees which cluster round the donjon mound. There are, however, some very interesting portions in the Gundulph tower and the choir transept. The nave is entered under a fine portal arch, containing images of Henry I. and Queen Matilda; above it are sculptures, with our Lord sitting in doom or majesty. Two arcaded turrets flank the large Perpendicular central window. On the north side of the nave there is a cemetery door, by which the parishioners left the church, having visited in procession St. William's shrine, entering at first by the north doorway of the main transept; on the south side stood the almonry.

On the northeast side of the Early English transept is the rude and massive tower of Gundulph, with the wax chamber, sacristan's chequer, and treasury, approached both from above and below. Traces of the oven and chimney for baking altar-bread in one of the chambers are still visible.

The nave is Norman, of the time of Gundulph and Ernulph; the clear-story and north aisle windows have Perpendicular tracery of the same date as the ceiling. The triforium is simply a deep arcade, for there is no vaulting over the aisles. The two eastern bays were reconstructed with the tower in the fourteenth century; the doorway which led to the rood-loft remains on the north side; a large choir entry was then formed under the crossing. On the south side the Lady-chapel or new work, of the early part of the fifteenth century, occupies an unusual position outside the aisle at the east end. The tomb of St. William adjoined the original Lady-altar in the north wing of the choir transept; the remainder of the church is Early English. From the main transept a flight of ten stairs leads up to the rood-loft at the entrance of the choir, which is built over a crypt. The crossing was left free for the passage of the monks in entering from the cloisters, which lay eastward of the transept. The holy-water stoup marks the doorway by which they came in.

The choir, very narrow, is walled off from the aisles by arcaded screens, which were colored. Some Early English portions of the uncanopied stalls and a mural painting of the "Wheel of Fortune" are preserved. Stairs in the south aisle lead down to the crypt; another flight of steps in the north aisle led pilgrims up to St. William's shrine, or that of St. Paulinus, which was placed here in an unusual position. The south choir aisle, or St. Edmund's chapel, is of the time of Edward I. The whole retrochoir on either side is unshapely. The entire eastern arm has vaulting of the thirteenth century. The choir transept marks the division between the choir and the presbytery. It has an eastern aisle for chapels. Hangings of tapestry closed the arches of this transept. At the high altar, in 1329, the chaplain of the deprived rector of Bromley, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicated the bishop, and duly suffered for his temerity. The beautiful doorway of the sacristy, built over an undercroft, is in the southeast angle of the choir transept; it is of the fourteenth century, and has sculptures of the four Latin Fathers, Purgatory, and the Church and Synagogue, as a woman blind-folded holding the two tables.

The dimensions of the cathedral are, internally, 313 feet in length; nave, 159 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 55 feet high; main transept, 122.3 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and 55 feet in height; choir transept, 92 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 55 feet in height; choir, 56 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 55 feet high; presbytery, 91 feet long and 30 feet wide; central tower, 156 feet high; GUNDULPH's tower, 24 feet long, 24 wide, and 95 high.

In 1075, four secular canons were living here on a pittance. Bishop GUNDULPH, in 1083, began to rebuild the cathedral for Benedictine monks, and completed the east end, crypt, and a north and probably a south tower. Bishop ERNULPH, about 1115, added the nave and west front, and the dedication was held on May 8, 1130, in the presence of HENRY I. On June 3, 1138, the cathedral was burned, and on April 10, 1177, the central part of the church was injured by fire. In 1215, King JOHN plundered the church even to the pyx that hung above the altar. After the canonization of St. WILLIAM, money flowed in, and the presbytery and its crypt, with the choir transept, were built about 1200. The main transept was then rebuilt, and the church dedicated on November 5, 1240; but the new choir had been already occupied since May 9, 1227. On Good-Friday, 1264, the troops of SIMON MONTFORT, entering with knights on horseback, made prisoners of the monks, tore from the altars worshippers who were commemorating our Lord's Passion, destroyed the monuments, and turned the nave into stables. In 1343, Bishop HETHE built the sacristy, and the central tower as a belfry, with a wooden spire, and inserted the decorated windows in the south wing of the transept and other parts.

The cloisters were built by Bishop GLANVILLE, hence called a co-founder, 1185–1215. The refectory was added about 1330. The alleys had no stone arcades, and the monks used blinds when the sun was hot. They communicated with the transept by an entry, and by a slype under its wall with the almonry court. The chapter-house, 1115, retains the arcaded east wall, and the western arches of the front, wrought with the diaper which marks ERNULPH's handiwork, and the signs of the zodiac, with three rich windows above. The next doorway, that of the slype, leading to the monks' cemetery, has a sculpture of the "Sacrifice of Isaac." There are two other doorways, one of which opened probably into the common-room in an undercroft. There are some few remains of the refectory, its passage to a pulpit, and lavatory—Early English. The cemetery gate on the northwest, the prior's gate, about 1330, on the southwest, part of a system of crenellation licensed by the crown, the gateway arch leading to the prior's lodge, and a small tower arch, which opened into the southwest angle of the cloister, remain. St. WILLIAM's gate, fronting the north transept door, the infirmary, and sacristan's chequer, were on the northeast of the cathedral, and the guest-house on the southeast, within the precinct walls, which were extended to a considerable distance from the church on the south and east in the reign of EDWARD III.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Vaccination Fever.—The Rational Dress Society. —French Critics.—Bees and Mosquitoes in London. —Copyright in China.

IN the old days of imprisonment for debt there was a story told of a certain nervous and impecunious gentleman, who, if any one touched him on the arm by accident, would inquire, apprehensively, "At whose suit?" The bailiff is no longer the terror to evil-doers that he was wont to be, but a touch on the arm puts us more on the *qui vive* than ever. "Yah!" we say (even the most refined of us); "mind my vaccination spots!" Everybody, save that small proportion of mischievous idiots who mistake an ignorant obstinacy for the suffering for conscience' sake, is just now "having it done." And "Has it taken?" is the great question of the hour. There is a tremendous run on "arm guards" at the chemists' shops, while, on the other hand, the demand for low dresses at the milliners' has perceptibly decreased. Even the passion for "thought-reading" has subsided a little, since the arm of the victim is the limb which the operator is naturally moved to pinch in assisting psychological inquiry.

It is not often that patronage recommends itself to me, even if it takes a shape that is commendable, but the new society formed against the continuous changes of fashion in ladies' dress, and for the promotion of health and ease in the same, has, notwithstanding that it starts under distinguished auspices, my most cordial sympathy. Of late years the mutations of female costume have been not only frequent, but violent. Within a very few years the pendulum of fashion has swung from the extreme of breadth to the Ultima Thule of narrowness. Only imagine the sensation which a lady in a crinoline would make now among a bevy of her own sex, whose clothes hang around their fair forms as though they were so many Ophelias recently escaped from drowning, and whose garments have been wrung out. To this dress, in which they look vowed to Neptune, an immense train is added, which, independently of its tripping up other people, has to be furtively kicked aside in order that the wearer may advance in any direction. It is possible that we have not reached the limit of hideousness and inconvenience even yet, and that the milliners may be devising some still more monstrous garb, the one practical proviso of which is that it shall be expensive. A certain Parisian lady whose Greek profile is faultless has lately defined a good figure as "the refuge of the ugly"; and certainly we have now every opportunity of observing whether ladies of fashion in our own country have that refuge or not. The object of the society I speak of is to persuade ladies to think a little for themselves, and to adopt what is becoming, even if it is not quite so costly as the present style of attire. It will suggest costumes in which graceful movement is possible, and, above all, will avoid those injuries to health to which Fashion shows herself so grossly indifferent.

Last week is famous for the discovery of a modest Frenchman. It is probably for the first time that any one of the Gallic nation has laid his hand upon his heart, as M. Sarcey, the dramatic critic, has done ("Modest, though Sarcey," should be his motto), and owned that anything was better done out of Paris than in it. He admits, however, that the English study the French theatre accurately, "so that they know it even in its least important works; while as for me, outside Shakspeare, I have only read a few works whose celebrity has overcome my indifference. It is not mine alone, however; we Frenchmen are all more or less in the same state. Foreigners do not interest us." Ofthe truth of this there is no doubt; and M. Sarcey might have added that there is no civilized nation under heaven that is so grossly ignorant of everything which does not pertain to their own national life as the French. It must be confessed, however, that had not M. Sarcey chanced to meet with a clique of London critics who, if somewhat given to magnify their office, do really make a kind of study of their profession, his admiration for our knowledge of our neighbors and their concerns would have been greatly mitigated, even if it had been excited at all. "Foreigners do not interest us" is a remark that we may, if we are honest, apply to ourselves, though in certain circles there is an affectation of regard for them which I fear is not more than skin-deep. It confines itself principally to the personal appearance of the actresses who come over with the French company in the London season.

It is not generally known, but we are getting very Arcadian in London. In Wellington Street last week a swarm of bees assembled, not in the *Gardener's Chronicle* office, nor in Mr. Potter's *Beehive*, as by rights they should have done, but in the *Army and Navy Gazette* office. What honey they expected to get out of *that*, not even Mr. Darwin can tell us; but as the sweetest scents are procured from the most unlikely substances, so it may be with honey. "Mr. Tegetmeier," we are told, "at once procured a box" (I suppose from the Lyceum Theatre opposite), "and hived them, in the presence of an astonished crowd." Bees, unless under a glass case, I don't admire. I never believe "if you will only keep quiet and let it settle" (perhaps on your nose), that a bee won't sting you; and what I dislike even more than being taken "to see the stables" at a friend's country house is being introduced to his apiary. Still, bees (if there is a Tegetmeier to hive them) are endurable. What I do object to is the immigration into town of mosquitoes. Of late summers they have regularly appeared in South Belgravia, and they are there now. I had rather live in Pentonville with fleas (so long as it was out of its prison), than in Belgravia with mosquitoes. One has already bitten an Irish member, the papers say, "and prevented him from attending to his Parliamentary duties." This seems a strange story. It is surely a very far fetched excuse for an extremely common omission, and it has also the flavor of a most prodigious puff, for who believes that Irish members live in Belgravia? However, in these Land League times (with generous American sympathy), everything is possible; and it is certain, whether the honorable gentleman is in Belgravia or not, the mosquitoes are there.

In China I read that there is a perpetual copyright for an author's productions. The infringement of it is punished by a hundred blows on the feet, and transportation for three years. The first penalty is admirable, but I doubt whether the second would always have a deterrent effect. Would a Chicago pirate publisher, for example, live in Chicago if he could help it? However, the principle is excellent, and except for Mr. Thomas Hughes, who had rather be read than remunerated for his writings, and Mr. Leslie Stephen, who doesn't see why he should be paid for them at all, China must be an Elysium for authors. If it wasn't for the difficulty I experience in acquiring languages, and for the sea-passage, which is of considerable length, I think I should obtain letters of naturalization and become a Celestial before my time.

The man in Baker Street who has the garden on his roof-top is said to be getting on capitally with his cucumbers and French beans, and to have some promise of strawberries. It may be so, but I have strained my eyes in vain in trying to catch sight of his garden from the street in question (a straw down one's back is disagreeable, but it's nothing, let me tell you, to a crick in one's neck). It is impossible, at all events, that those French beans can be very tall. If the journalist who narrates this marvel is in want of "copy," and finds the subject too great a strain upon his imagination, I would recommend him to turn to *Our Mutual Friend*, where he will find a very detailed account of a garden on a roof-top. R. KEMBLE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT is said that the recent buying of four million acres in Florida by Hamilton Disson, of Philadelphia, was the largest purchase of land ever made by an individual. The deed was given by the State, and it is understood that the price was about two dollars per acre. It is said that the land was bought for the purpose of speculation.

The lightning this season has been of almost unprecedented severity. A single bolt killed two Kentucky mules, and still had force enough to bury itself in the ground.

A member of the Texas Legislature was a witness in a civil suit. His replies and voluntary statements were of a rambling and not wholly respectful nature, and the Court reprimanded him in these words: "You will please pay attention to what you are saying. Remember you are not in the Legislature at present."

The only pawnbroker in Tombstone, Arizona, has been convicted of a felony. The report of the trial closes with the information that "most of the jurors had his tickets in their pockets."

After footing up the amounts said to have been cleared in this country during the past amusement season by popular actors and actresses, it is difficult to understand how any one else can have made any money, unless the balance of trade between this and other countries has been much more favorable to the United States than the figures of economists have it. But before giving way to envy it would be well to think of the vast losses suffered by the stars of the theatrical firmament through the diamond robberies of which they have been the victims.

A signal station in Arizona has on record for this season a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

A provision of a new liquor law which went into effect in Rhode Island on July 1 is that no license shall be granted to sell liquors within four hundred feet of a public school. It remains to be seen whether the hotels or the school-houses will be moved out of the State.

The Oconomowoc *Local* asks, "Who is Schachtsneider?" Another hard one would be, Where and what is Oconomowoc?

A photographer in Bradford, Illinois, committed suicide. Suggestion for an epitaph: "Taken from life by himself."

A writer claims that England's boast that the sun never sets in her domain is no more than may be truthfully said of his own country by the patriotic citizen of the United States. Before the sun's rays disappear from the American flag at the most westerly point of the Aleutian Islands, he claims, they touch it again at Calais, Maine.

A daring theorist in France accounts for the many mysterious disappearances by suggesting that some of them are cases of actual and total dissolution—of instantaneous conversion into thin air. In support of his theory this writer avers that he was once walking with a friend, engaged in a political discussion, when, presto! a strong sulphurous smell was all that remained of his disputatious companion. Perhaps the odor was that of the discussion, and the friend had dropped around the corner to shake hands with a candidate.

The claim is put forth from a mountain resort that there should be some authoritative decision as to what constitutes a watering-place. It is urged that a clam-chowder sign and a mud-puddle are inadequate.

Breadth and freedom of criticism which come of intimate knowledge of events in the artistic world are exemplified in a mention of the performance of a minstrel troupe which recently visited Carson, Nevada. Of one of the artists it is written that he "was equally at home in the elaborate figures of the national hoe-down of Louisiana, and his costume and swaying motions reminded one of the Nautch girls of India. There was no need of an orchestra; his movements all suggested music in its highest forms. The balance of the lot," the critic goes on, "leaning gracefully against the wings, formed a picture which would have delighted a squad of Metropolitan Police."

The unusual sound of a swarm of bees moving through the air was heared the other day in one of the down-town streets. A man with presence of mind astonished the other listeners by beginning to beat a wild tattoo on the head of an empty barrel. The bees answered his call, and clustered on an object near him, and they were soon hived.

The coach of the Cornell University boat crew in England, instead of keeping abreast of the oarsmen in a steam-launch, rides along the bank of the river on horseback.

A woman who kept a boarding-house in San Francisco had for a boarder an impecunious insurance agent. She was on the point of turning the young man away, when he offered to settle his bill by giving her an insurance policy for three thousand dollars on her life. The woman accepted the offer, and the policy was made payable to her little daughter. In the following week she was taken sick, and after a few days she died. The insurance money was paid to the child's guardian.

A post that is dreaded by telegraph operators is a railway office at Limestone Gap, in the Choctaw Nation. It is said that not less than a hundred operators have been sent to that lonely spot, and that none has remained more than two weeks. Those who have tried it return with blood-curdling stories of the nightly orgies of spooks of the lowest grade. After an operator has seen a week's service there, he is regarded by the men along the line as a veteran.

Columbia College went into the boat-race with Harvard at New London with four men who had been pulling together for some time, and with four other men to make up the crew. Harvard went into the race with a well-trained eight, and easily defeated the Columbia four and the men who were endeavoring with little practice to pull with them.

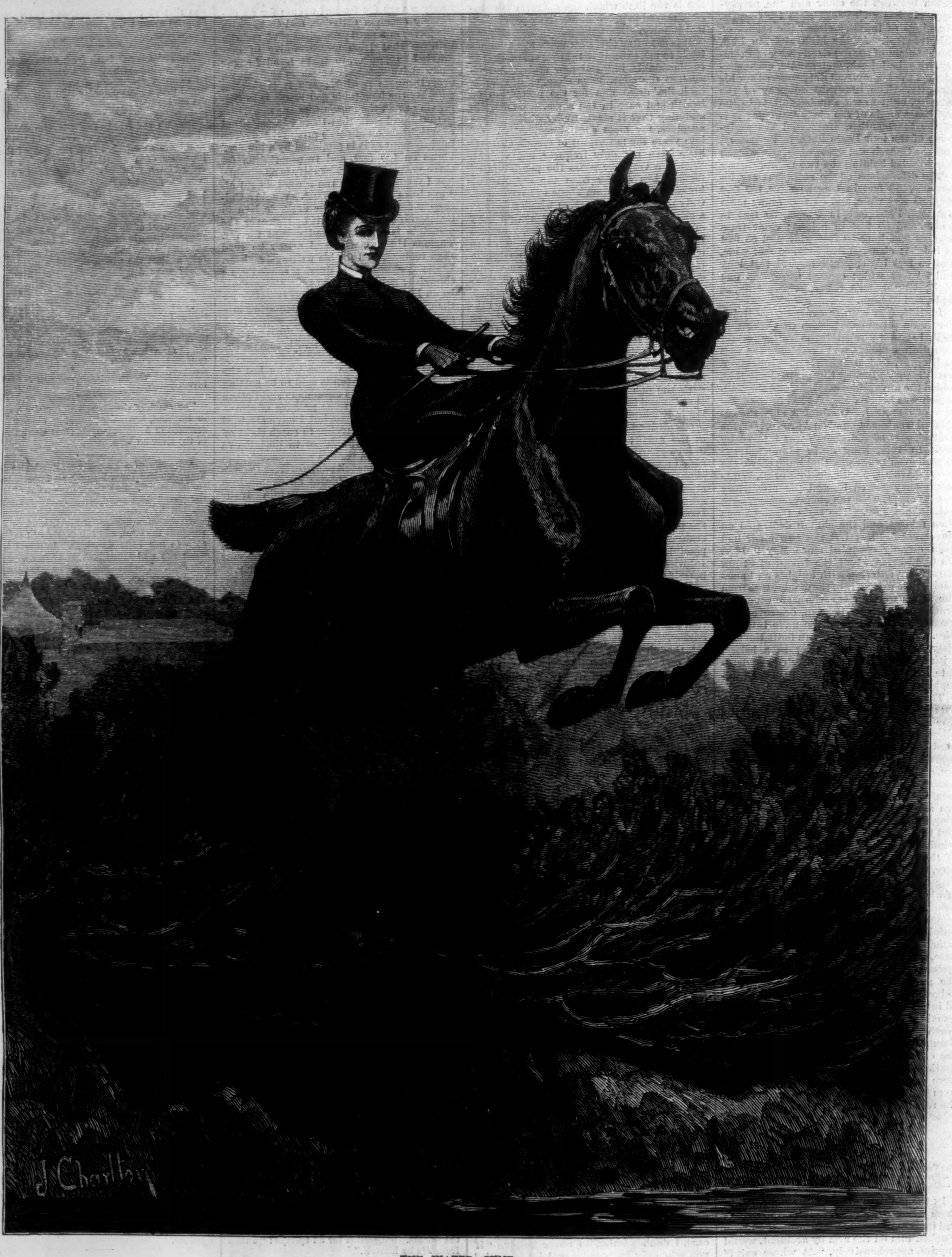
Chinese merchants in other lands than China seldom figure among bankrupts. The recent failure of Hop Hi & Co., a firm in New South Wales, with liabilities of over fifty thousand dollars, therefore occasioned much surprise in trade circles there. To American ears the firm name suggests the firm's present condition, it being a sort of equivalent for the commercial phrase "going up." The information at hand does not afford an answer to the question whether the Chinese in Australia have yet learned how to become wealthy through financial failures.

Some German of a statistical turn of mind has been in this country, or perhaps has been reading a French book of travel in America. A little paper printed in Germany says, "A statistician thoroughly acquainted with figures assures us that the American women yearly use enough cosmetics to paint 37,000 houses."

In his oration on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop congratulated the Bostonians on the fact that the monument not being a monolith, "there will be no temptation for archæologists to dislocate it from its rightful surroundings, and bear it away to strange and uncongenial climes." Persons intent upon bearing away objects of art and antiquity would not be tempted to carry off the monument anyway, so long as the choice of possessing the Navy-yard stack remained for them.

Pennsylvania legislators are apt to forget to adjourn till the voices of their constituents, clamoring to have the day of adjournment made a legal holiday, awaken them to a sense of their obligations.

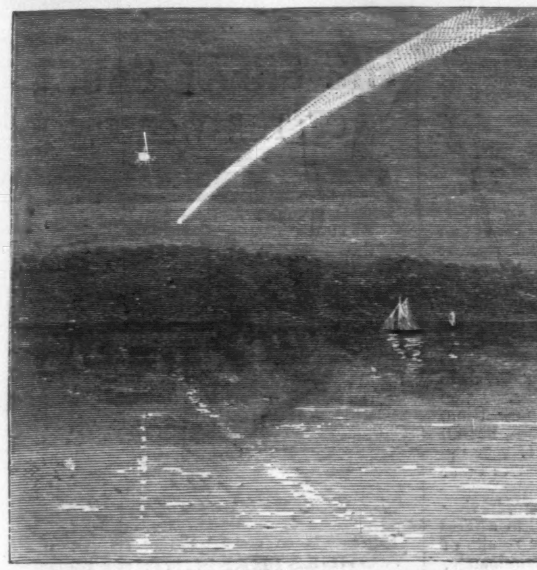
Two experimental shafts for the proposed tunnel under the English Channel have been sunk on the English side, and two on the French side, and from one of the shafts sunk in English soil a gallery twenty-one feet in diameter and some twenty-five hundred feet long has been driven. It has been found that the earth there is impermeable to water, and it is estimated that the tunnel heading could be carried along at the rate of two miles a year. Similar experiments on the French side justify the same conclusions. It is said that the English and the French tunnel companies have agreed to bore a mile farther each, when they expect to have sufficient information at hand to enable them to arrive at a treaty for the completion of the work.



THE WATER JUMP.

A VENETIAN SUPERSTITION.

AMONG the curious superstitions with which we still sometimes meet is the sailors' fancy of whistling for the wind, and I have known cases where naval officers of high rank have cast money into the sea to obtain a fair breeze. This, no doubt, has arisen from the well-known Venetian superstition of casting a ring into the sea to assuage its wrath. This custom is thought to have been derived from an absurd grant which Pope Alexander the Third pretended to give the people of Venice as a reward for their having assisted in his restoration to the papal chair, viz., that they should "have power over the Adriatic Sea as a man has over his wife." Perhaps this was satire on the part of the reverend Pope. There are men—married men—who will say they have, without any grant at all, quite as much power over one as the other! But whatever theories there may be, the fact remains that the Doge of Venice (generally upon Ascension-day) used to regard the ceremony of ring casting up to a comparatively late period. He would start in royal state, attended by all the Venetian nobles in a thousand gondolas, till he arrived at one especial spot in the Adriatic. Then he emptied upon its bosom a large quantity of holy water which he had taken with him for that purpose, and which was supposed to procure a calm. And this strange ceremony concluded, the Doge proceeded with great solemnity to drop into the ocean a very valuable golden ring, at the same time repeating the words, "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii," which, being interpreted, means, "We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee." But notwithstanding this yearly betrothal, the Adriatic Sea, like all other seas, has maintained its independence, receiving the gifts of the Duke of Venice with a smiling face, but giving no promise in return. Indeed, the sea seems to be of a very independent character, for there has never been but One yet whose voice she has obeyed. Even the command of the great Canute that she should come no further was set at naught by her. So, after a while, the Doge, angered at what he considered her willful fickleness and obstinacy, divorced her, giving her no more golden rings or words of promise.



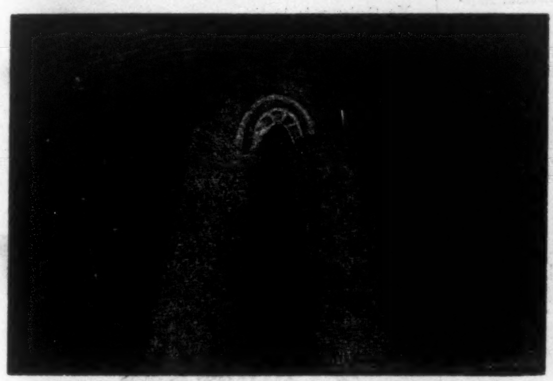
DONATI'S COMET, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR.

IF SHAKSPEARE had lived in these days, he would hardly have made the father of Prince Hal, in describing the artful seclusion of his youth, say,

> "By being seldom seen, I could not stir
> But, like a comet, I was wondered at."

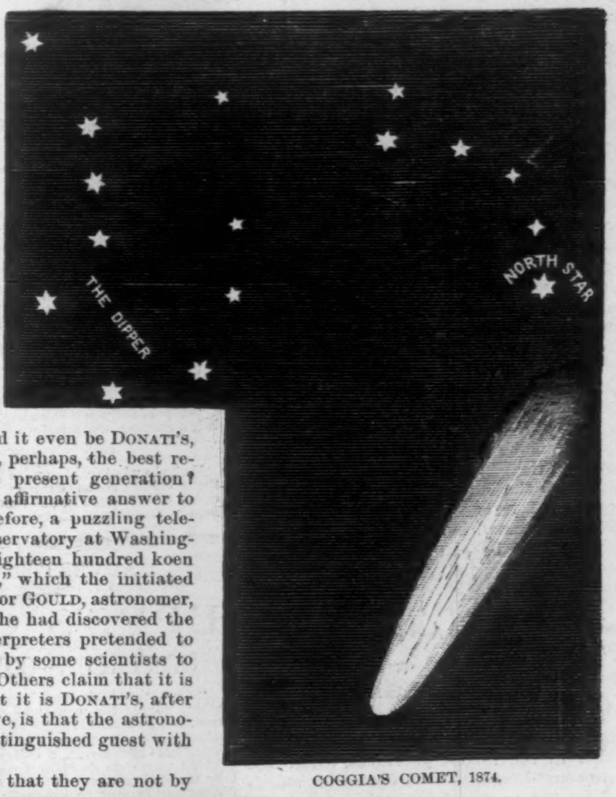
Comets, no doubt, are very wonderful things when studied in the light of science; but the curiosity they excite at present arises, strangely enough, from our intimate acquaintance with the heavenly bodies, from which they differ so widely, and not from the condition of dense and evenly distributed ignorance in which the generality of even intelligent men found themselves in the Elizabethan age. When Prince Hal passed away as Henry V., the great dramatist causes Bedford to cry out,



HEAD OF DONATI'S COMET, AFTER BOND.

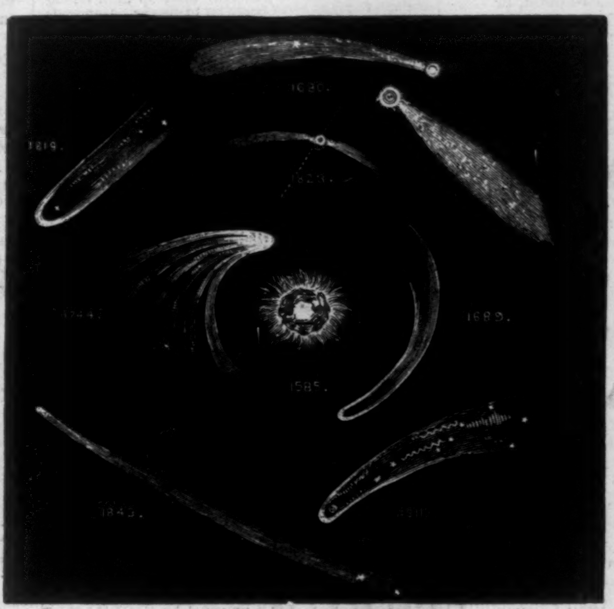
> "Comets, importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
> And with them scourge the bad, revolting stars
> That have consented unto Henry's death!"

And there is no doubt that these lines, as beautiful in their stately splendor as the comets they address, appealed to the play-goers of that day with a force and intensity that we can hardly imagine, for time and state and fate-controlling stars were frankly believed to be under the influence of these mysterious visitors.



COGGIA'S COMET, 1874.

But when, on Thursday, the 23d of June, in this year of our Lord 1881, a half-dozen observers—astronomers, students, Mexican travellers, and a lone policeman—announced in the daily press that they had seen a comet in the northeastern sky, cimeter-shaped, with the jewelled hilt pointed toward the horizon, and the curved blade sweeping upward across the sky, no one thought of being scared, no one questioned if "the heavens were blazing forth the death of princes"; but every one, learned and simple, set to calculating or guessing what comet it was. Was it the great comet of 1807? Could it be the one of 1812? Could it even be DONATI'S, which delighted the world in 1858, and is, perhaps, the best remembered by the elder members of the present generation? There is astronomer's "'quest law" for an affirmative answer to each of these questions. Three weeks before, a puzzling telegram had been received at the Naval Observatory at Washington, which read: "Buenosaires June 1. Eighteen hundred koen comet xi hours south thirty degrees gould," which the initiated interpreted as an announcement by Professor GOULD, astronomer, at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, that he had discovered the comet of 1807 in a certain position, which the interpreters pretended to identify. The visitor to the northern skies is held by some scientists to be the same as the one seen by Professor GOULD. Others claim that it is that of 1812. And the latest announcement is that it is DONATI'S, after all. What astonishes the public, as remarked above, is that the astronomers do not know all about it, and proclaim the distinguished guest with as much confidence as an usher at a court ball.



GROUP OF VARIOUS COMETS.

But the astronomers themselves confess candidly that they are not by any means "up" to the ways of comets. There was the famous one of 1770, known as LEXEL'S—it will be noticed that these wayward bodies are appropriated and christened, so to speak, by individual observers as if they were a sort of celestial *feræ naturæ*, and liable to be caught and branded like mustang horses—which ought, by all the laws of mathematics, to have come around every five and a half years, and which has not been seen or heard of for more than a century. There was the more modern and presumably better-behaved, comet named by Signor BIELA, which ought to have made its regular call in 1872, and whose absence Professor ALEXANDER HERSCHEL was obliged to explain by declaring that it had become really dissipated and irresponsible. The excellent professor even went so far as to say that the irregular behavior of this comet would probably be capable of demonstration by the occurrence of a shower of meteors about the time of his next expected visit, showing that, in sporting language, it had literally "gone all to pieces," and the prediction was fulfilled.

DONATI'S comet of 1858, which was generally admired as one of the most brilliant and presumably well-behaved of the superior class of comets, conducted itself well enough so far as the general public could see; but the astronomers, who had an opportunity to observe it in intimate intercourse, did not conceal from each other that some of its eccentricities were very marked, particularly in the matter of vapors about the head, which sometimes quite shocked their notions of what so fine a comet should really be.

The present comet, it is proper to say, though it has come upon the scene in a very unexpected manner, is being handled by the astronomical police in a manner that must excite general admiration. Professor HENRY DRAPER, of New York, who has started a sort of celestial rogue's gallery, has already sat up all night several nights to secure a good photographic portrait, and he announces that before he gets through he will have one that will make instant detection in the future perfectly feasible for any member of the force fit for his position. As is not uncommon in such cases, there has been the greatest difficulty in securing a good sitting. It is impracticable in this instance to strap the sitter to a chair, or to put a couple of policemen to hold him still. He not only is in constant motion, but he has the advantage of being some forty-five millions of miles away from the camera, and his persistent changes of posture, to say nothing of the way he hides his face and wriggles (if we may say so) his tail, make the task of the photographer very difficult. But Professor DRAPER is an old hand at dealing with this class of sitters, and he has rigged a couple of telescopes, with clock-work so nice-

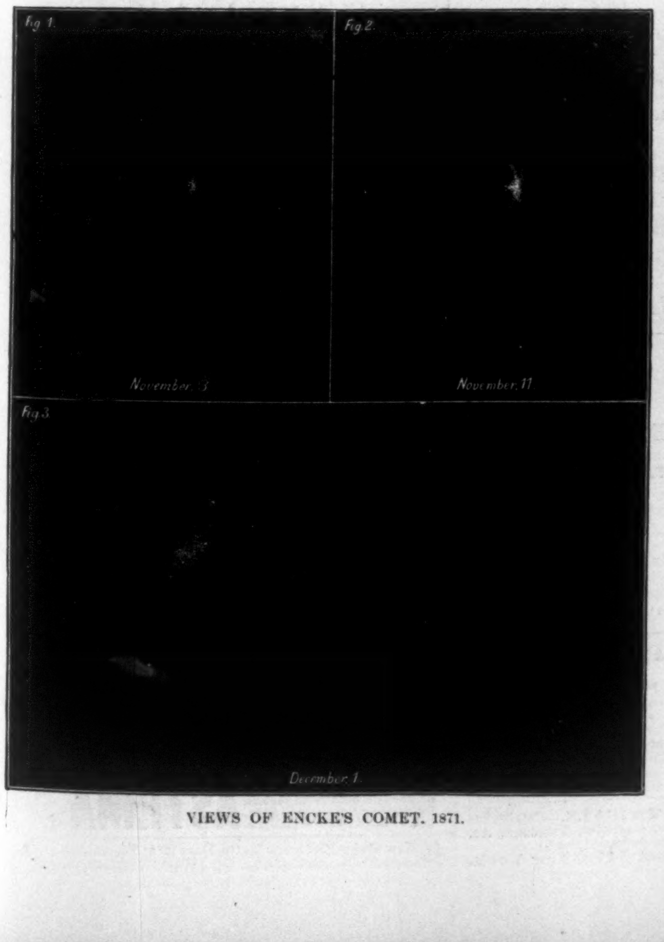
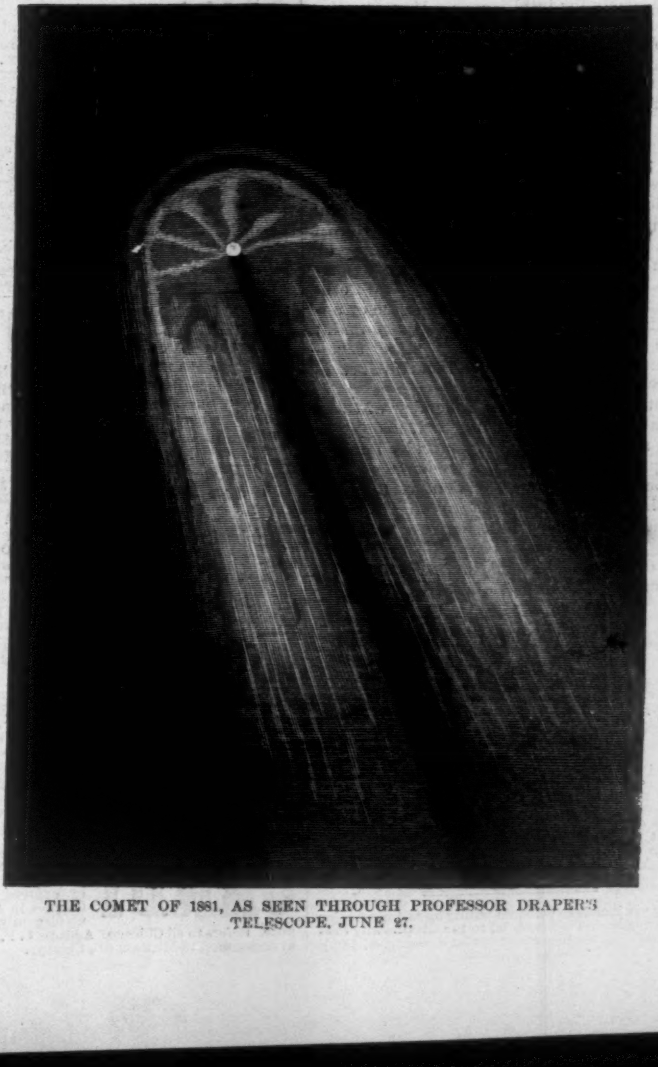


Fig. 1.
Fig. 2.
November. 3
November. 11
Fig. 3.
December. 1

VIEWS OF ENCKE'S COMET. 1871.



THE COMET OF 1881, AS SEEN THROUGH PROFESSOR DRAPER'S TELESCOPE, JUNE 27.

ly adjusted that they not only follow every movement of the comet, but manage so that what part of him one doesn't catch, the other does. Nor this alone. Professor DRAPER is not content with a mere photograph, but is after the celestial tramp with a spectrum and a lot of contrivances by which he can tell very nearly what his clothing is made of, and by comparing it hereafter with samples constantly on hand, can identify him immediately if he should again come within the Professor's supervision, and, moreover, can draw very accurate inferences as to his general condition, and the probable effect of his conduct if he should make an assault on the earth. So perfect, too, is the organization of society in our times, that Professor DRAPER has been able to telegraph descriptions of the comet to every important point at which he is likely to make his appearance. The astronomers of the whole civilized world are after him, with these descriptions in their notebooks, and it is impossible now that he should escape without being so thoroughly spotted that he can never show himself again in the vicinity of what Professor DRAPER with professional nonchalance calls "this little earth of ours" without being promptly recognized and put under surveillance.

CHINESE BRIGANDS.

THE outlaws, or declared brigands, are in China a formidable fraternity. They are called in the inland provinces, where the pure court language is the orthodox standard, by the name of Kouan-kouen, or desperado. But on the borders of the empire, in Mantchooria, and on the edge of Mongolian Tartary, the Turkish words "orolis" and "haiduck" come into use—borrowed from the nomadic tribes of the Transoxianian Steppe. All these words, Chinese or Turkish, denote a daring and avowed brigand, an open foe to law, a thing most hateful of all others to bureaucratic pedants like the formal mandarins.

The Kouan-kouen are not the most unpopular persons in the Central Land; they are admired by women, praised by men, sung of in the rude ballads of the peasantry, and when they mingle in the crowd at a village festival they are regarded pretty much as the mountain bandit is viewed by the rustics of Corsica and Sardinia. There have been Chinese Robin Hoods who have worn pigtails and satin boots, and quaffed corn-brandy in the intervals of their professional duties, no doubt, and the hardy marauders are not seldom liberal of their ill-got wealth, and scatter among the lowly what they wrest from the moneyed world. These free-handed depredators do not rely entirely on the popularity which their exploits and occasional gifts create for them among the indigent classes. They have confederates in the cities; their spies haunt the markets and hang about the inns; they have allies in the enemy's camp, and pay handsomely for intelligence. Here a police brigadier gives timely warning of an expedition against the band; there a sleek cashier notifies by writing that such and such bales, or so much ready money, the property of his employers, will traverse a certain road or canal on a particular day.

The Kouan-kouen are bold as well as wily; often it happens that they have been honest, well-meaning folk in their time, goaded into outlawry by some persecution on the part of the magistrates, or stripped of their patrimony by a lawsuit. Many of them can show the scars of torments wrongly inflicted by some capricious pedant; others have seen a son die in the cangue or under the lash for a light or imaginary fault; some have been members of a secret society, and detection has turned them into beasts of prey.

Not every one can be a member of these predatory clubs. They test their neophytes by a severe initiatory penance, by hunger, and pain, and fatigue. A tremendous oath of obedience and fidelity is enforced by the certainty of dire vengeance on the false brother; and the Chinese avow that the faith observed by these robbers toward each other is remarkably evinced, even under tortures the most elaborate.

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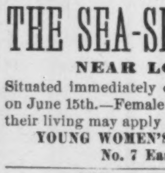

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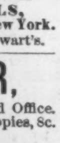

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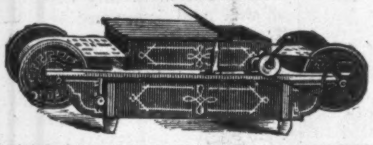

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Dandruff and falling hair, *those sure signs of approaching baldness*, claim many thousands, while a feeling of exhaustion and fatigue is common to those who work hard the mental faculties and keep the nervous system at a high pressure.

No doubt most of these afflicted readers would cheerfully pay $3.00 for an easy and agreeable cure—always at hand and lasting for years—but most of them are doubtful about advertised remedies; and the public has been so often outrageously humbugged that our new and worthy invention must suffer from this cause until we can inspire confidence.

The mail brings us hundreds of letters inclosing the price of our "remarkable invention;" but, where one individual sends for it, no doubt thousands are deterred through fear of being cheated.

To remove this fear, we have determined to adopt a plan of doing business which will convince every man, woman, and child that no pecuniary risk is run by those sending for this article.

OUR PLAN.

The article is Dr. Scott's Beautiful, *Pure Bristle*, Electric Hair Brush. If you send us the price, $3.00, and 10 cents for registration, we will immediately send one to you postpaid. So soon as you receive the Brush please examine it thoroughly, and test it by the little plated compass which accompanies each one, and then if you are not well pleased with its beauty and excellence write to us, giving your reasons, and we will promptly return the price to you. "Very good," says a reader. "But what guarantee have I that you (a stranger to me) will keep this pledge?"

This is the turning-point in getting your confidence, and we will try to show you how our own interests are best served by dealing fairly with you.

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Now, the proprietors of this paper will not knowingly publish any humbug. They are exceptionally careful about the class of advertisements they accept, and *who they come from.* We have been advertising in this paper nearly a year, paying many thousand dollars for the same, while we have yet to hear the first complaint that we have not always done just as agreed with its readers. So soon as we fail to do so, you may be assured that its proprietors will refuse to receive our advertisement.

We do not think it amiss to mention right here that some of the proprietors and staff of this paper have at various times bought brushes from us and paid cash for them.

The Brush is warranted to relieve nervous headache in 5 minutes; bilious headache in 5 minutes; neuralgia in 5 minutes; to prevent falling hair and baldness; cure dandruff and diseases of the scalp; to promptly arrest premature grayness; to make the hair grow long and glossy; and immediately soothes the weary brain. When used as a flesh brush it cures rheumatism.

Space will not permit our printing here more than one testimonial out of thousands received, but we will gladly mail free our pamphlets on application. Please read this one, it is interesting and concerns you:

House of Representatives,
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For the first time in life I am induced to give a testimonial. Noticing in some paper an advertisement of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I sent $3 for one, and find it indeed a remarkable brush. My wife has for years suffered with headaches. *The brush cures them at once.* Several friends have used it for headaches, and *it has never failed.* My wife was also getting prematurely bald, but *the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth.* I use it to remove dandruff, and it works like a charm. Five times the cost would not buy my Brush if I could not replace it. To-day I bought of McAlmont, druggist, of this place, two brushes to send to friends who have tried mine and requested me to buy for them. Colonel Ponder, Mayor of Walnut Ridge, was attacked by a severe case of sick headache while at my house. *He was very sick.* My wife proposed to try the brush, which he finally consented to do, with no faith in it, however. In *three minutes he said he never felt better in his life*, and directed me to send him a brush. I have authorized McAlmont, the druggist, to use my name in recommending it. Yours truly,

GEORGE THORNBURGH,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Thornburgh is also Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons and Past Grand Master of Masons of Arkansas.

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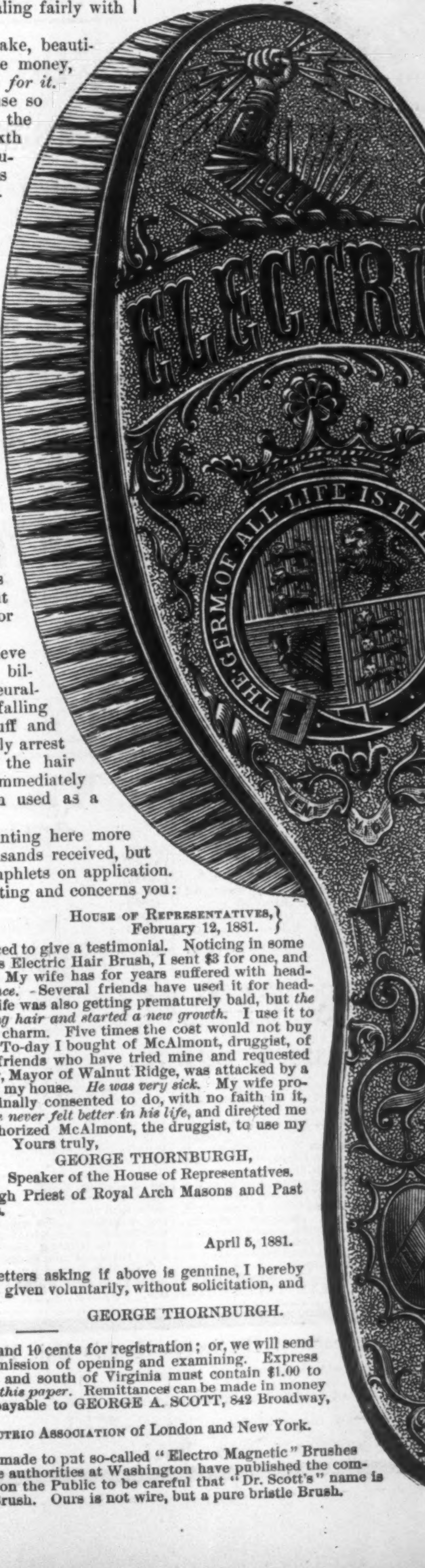
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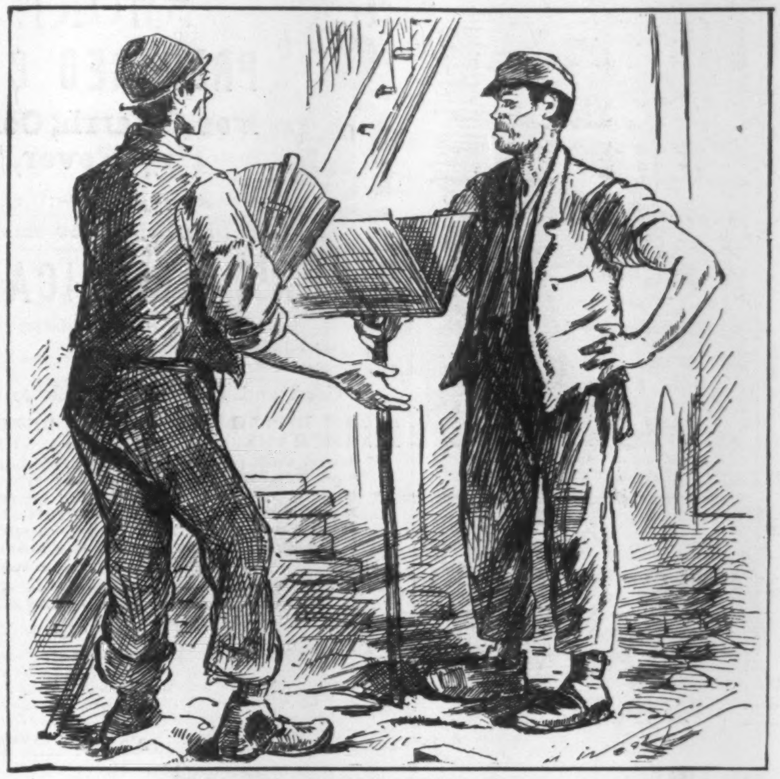

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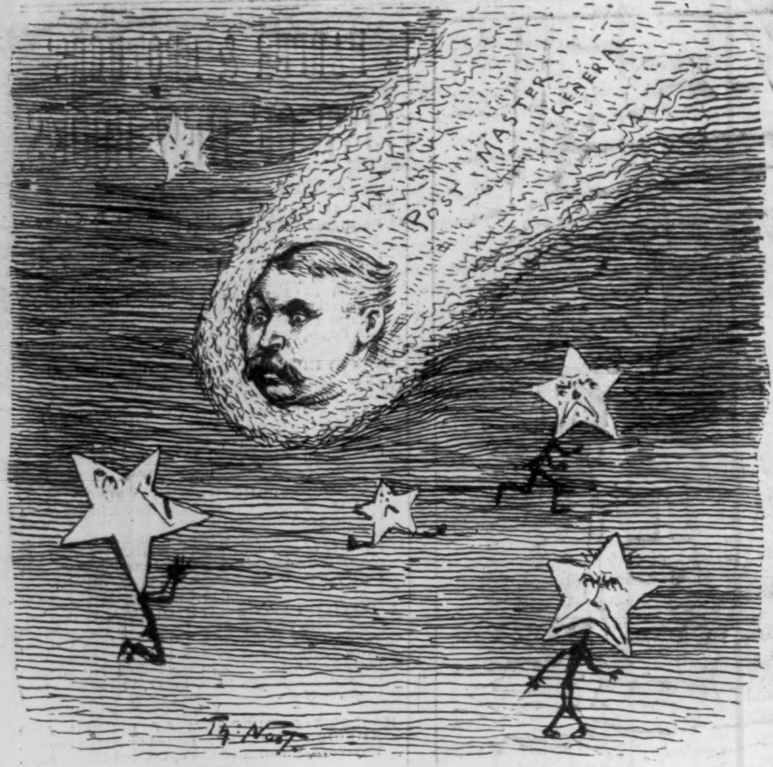

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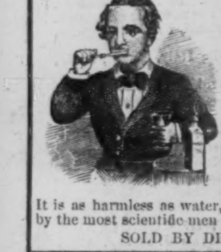

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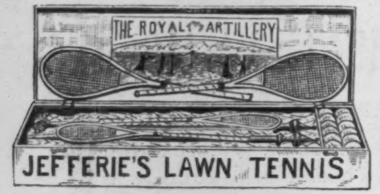

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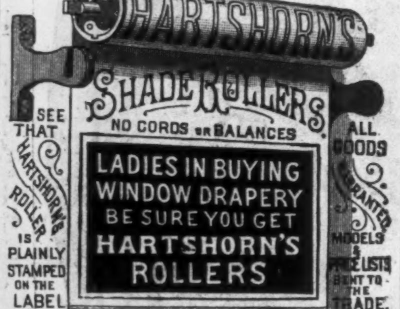
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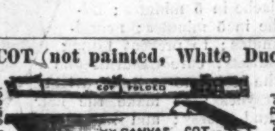

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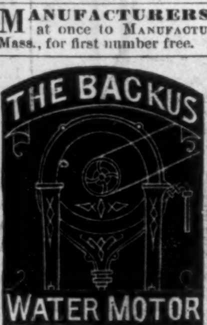

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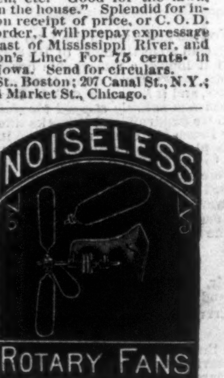

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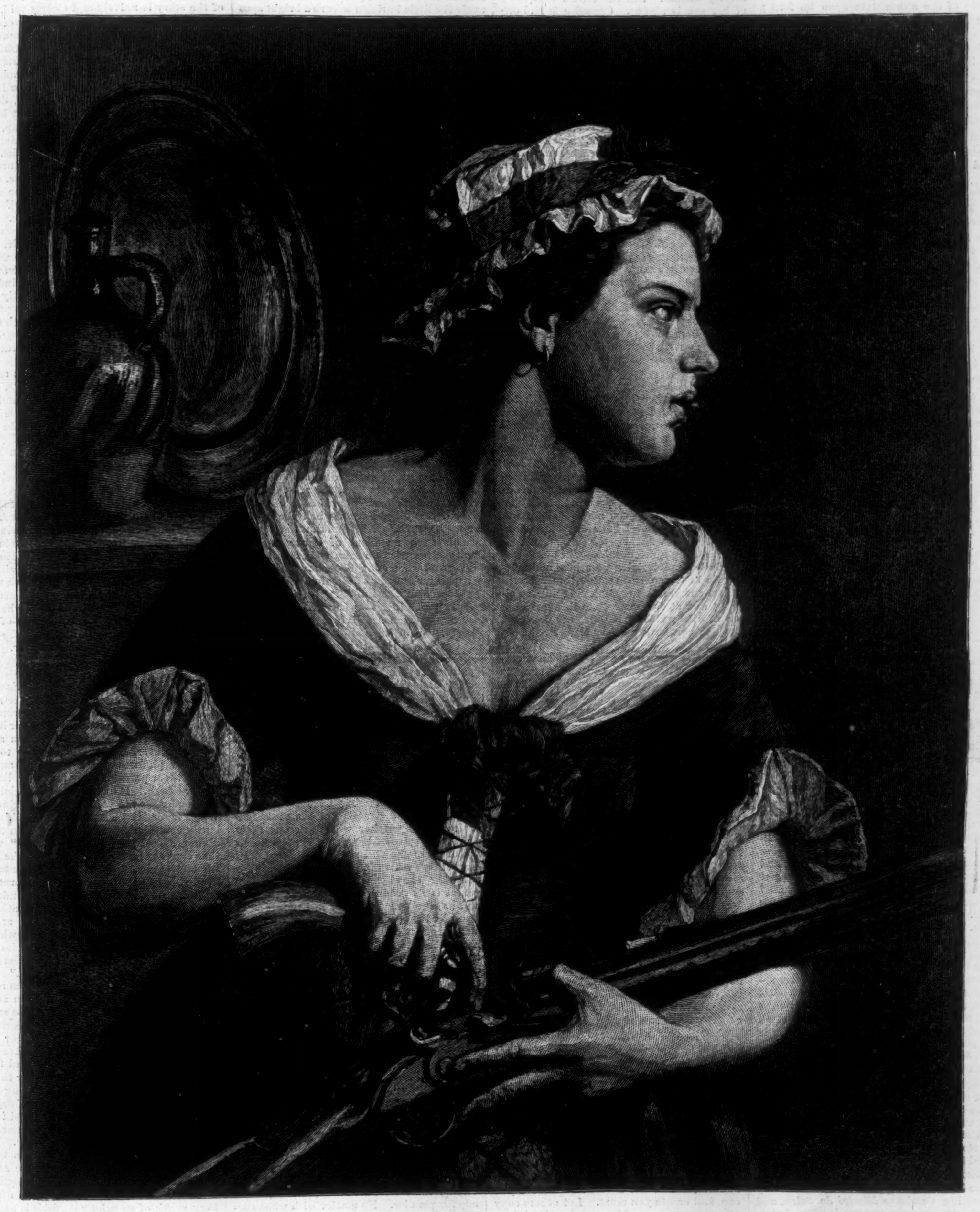


"THE SPIRIT OF '76."

FROM A PAINTING BY S. J. GUY.

"MENDING THE OLD FLAG."

By WILL CARLETON.

IN the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping.
Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day-twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd,
Had carried its colors gleaming:
Stained with mould were the braids of gold,
That had flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the South-land weather,
With glances kind and their arms entwined,
Came up the stair together:
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging holds they grasped its folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together
(Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the South-land weather);
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky
On the birthday of our nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light,
The flag went grandly sweeping:
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, white, and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars were missing.

MISS CORNELIA W. CONANT.

I.

LA BRUYÈRE somewhere observes that the finest natural sight is the human face. He might have added that the rarest pictorial sight is the sweet tenderness of children's and women's faces. The machinery of the modern studio has so improved of late that painting to-day is undoubtedly carried much farther than any of the old masters ever took it. MEISSONIER'S technique is the despair even of the archæologists. It has never been surpassed. But MEISSONIER notoriously discards women and children as sitters, and is reported to have sketched a woman but once in his life. Most Frenchmen who treat such interesting topics give us dames or damsels who are stylish, and children who are faultless, and it can not be denied that, as in the—shall it be said?—notorious cases of CAROLUS DURAN'S "Mlle. Croixette" and BASTIEN LEPAGE'S "Mlle. Bernhardt," their efforts are often extremely successful. An actress on horseback, or modelling a clay statue, is in their eyes a subject pre-eminently felicitous. The "stunning" in feminine figures and faces—if the expression may be allowed—is what seems most to allure them, and what they most succeed with. "Joan of Arc" is M. LEPAGE'S subject in the present Salon. It does not admit of the delineation of womanly tenderness, and if it did, one has no reason to suppose that this artist could have portrayed the fine flavor of that quality. Look over the latest illustrated catalogue of the Salon (most of the illustrations are from the hands of the artists whose works are illustrated), and see in the midst of the motives depicted how few of them are concerned with the winning gentleness, the lovableness, of women or little children. Before me lies a copy of M. DUMAS'S very interesting *Catalogue Illustré du Salon*, and its first picture of a woman is "The Interrupted Sitting"—a fair, half-clothed creature seated on a cot, and peering straight toward you in half-happy consternation, as if you had surprised her by opening suddenly the door of her boudoir. She is a coquette—a pretty one, to be sure, but only a coquette. On the opposite page is M. BARRIAS'S prim, well-dressed "Portrait of a Young Girl," who holds a riding-whip in her right hand, and is as stiff facially as its handle. Turn over the leaf, and one sees a triptych—BENNER'S "Betrothed," an Alsacian damsel in three scenes: first, heartlessly frivolous; second, prudishly sentimental over a nosegay; thirdly, simpering by the side of her lover. But the woman is a type, you say; and so very likely she is—just the type that modern art likes to interpret, and interprets handsomely, too. M. DAGNAN BOUVERET'S "Accident," a few pages further on, shows a brave little fellow having his hand bandaged, and behind him the sad face of an elderly woman. But the tender sympathy of her sex is absent. Opposite is M. PONSAN'S "Doorway of the Louvre on St. Bartholomew's Day," from which issue to contemplate the slain and dying a procession of flippant women led by a haughty queen. Other pictures are of fish-women, nymphs, women pert, pretty, tearful, shallow, sorrowful, churchly, sportive, pensive, asleep—there is no lack of them; nor of perplexed children like M. LOBRICHON'S, who endure "The Tortures of Tantalus" because their chubby fingers can not reach some playthings on the floor. Who ever knew even the great MILLET to reproduce the tenderness of some Breton women's faces? and who ever saw BOUGUEREAU succeed when he tried to do so? It is a distinctive feature of Miss CORNELIA W. CONANT'S pictures in the recent Academy exhibitions in New York city that they really are successful where BOUGUEREAU'S pictures so often fail; that with the rare matter of the interpretation of womanly and childish gentleness and tenderness they are familiar, and in it are prosperous; that in an affair which so easily degenerates into sentimentalism they have preserved the full flavor of a choice and winning sentiment.

II.

This fact, taken in connection with the fact that Miss CONANT has lived several years at Écouen, where ÉDOUARD FRÈRE is known to be a leading light, might easily awaken the suggestion that FRÈRE'S inspiration had quickened her genius. Almost alone among the popular French painters of the day, ÉDOUARD FRÈRE has apprehended and reproduced the personal quality of which mention has been made. His *genres* are charming. But I have often been impressed with what in the circumstances seems a thing quite notable—that Miss CONANT, whose pictorial sympathies undoubtedly lie in the same direction that FRÈRE'S do, has succeeded in preserving her originality, and at the same time in expressing herself with a virility, if I may use the word, to which neither the conception nor the execution of the masterly Frenchman is familiar. It is much to say this of an American student in France, and much more to say it of an American woman; and if the result is to be explained by causes external to Miss CONANT'S natural traits, among which undoubtedly self-reliance is prominent, mention must be made of the unusually diversified and comprehensive teaching received from various and many masters previous to her residence in Écouen. Probably no other American artist ever went to France to study whose education had been so generous and unsectarian. In New York she had received instruction successively from Mr. HUNTINGTON, the late Mr. EDWIN WHITE, Mr. JOANNES A. OERTEL, and other artists less widely known; in Düsseldorf, after four years, she had exhausted the academic formulas of CARL HÜBNER and his peers. To say that Düsseldorf was only our National Academy over again, as has recently repeatedly been said, is conspicuously inexact. The English school of WILKIE has made as deep an impression upon American art as the German school of HÜBNER—perhaps a deeper impression. Few young artists, indeed, ever entered France for purposes of study with a better preparation. Miss CONANT was not a neophyte, but an accomplished painter, when she arrived in Écouen. She was able at once to divide and conquer, to select and be nourished. She knew what was good for her, and she was able to use it intelligently. Much as she admired the intensely spiritual OERTEL, his professional curriculum was only a reminiscence. He, however, claims her special gratitude, for he it was who first discovered to the self-distrustful and shrinking pupil her ability to design, to invent, to create. "Create you can," he exclaimed to her one day, while examining one of her sketches—"create you can, and create you must. Let others copy others; you yourself can take the initiative." A new era dawned upon the horizon of the young girl's life. She had found herself, and she trusted it.

To trust herself, and also to avoid gloomy subjects, for which she then had a preference, although her natural disposition is very cheerful—that is what OERTEL taught her, and this teaching is obviously one factor of the explanation of her independence of FRÈRE'S art contemporaneously with her strong admiration of it. In this connection belongs also the fact that Miss CONANT is the daughter of the distinguished scholar and author Professor T. J. CONANT, and that her mother was a lady of rare intellectual powers brilliantly cultivated and used, and of ripe loveliness of person and character.

III.

The gazeteers which briefly dismiss Écouen as a "market-town in France, ten miles north of Paris, population 1296," might amuse the famous modest colony of artists who have made the little Parisian suburb a bright spot on the map of France. ÉDOUARD FRÈRE, CHIALIVA, SCHENCK, and other well-known painters reside there, and the treasures and celebrities of the French metropolis are at not an hour's distance. The natural adornments of the village are singularly charming, and its hospitality to American artists is generous in the extreme. The expense of living is extremely moderate, and the incentive to art-study notably vigorous. "No pleasanter form of housekeeping," writes a lady friend of Miss CONANT'S, "has ever been devised than that which the lady artist may carry on in Écouen. Miss CONANT and a lady friend, also an artist, have for several years been the joint mistresses of a pretty little domicile, just big enough for two. Resigning all the cares of housekeeping to their faithful attendant, FANNY, they retain only its comforts. As FANNY manages a household of her own also, she goes home at night, and does not return until rather late in the morning. But *café au lait* is easily prepared, and eggs are soon boiled, so the ladies get their own breakfast, following the sensible French fashion of a light meal at the beginning of the day. The second breakfast (the American luncheon) and the dinner are FANNY'S province, and admirably does she discharge her duty, most proud to distinguish herself when her materials are scanty. Marketing is a very simple affair. The butcher, baker, and milkman come every morning to the kitchen window, left open for that purpose. On a nail inside each finds a paper containing his order for the day. He brings back the rolls, the *bifteck*, or the milk, and puts it inside the window, all ready for FANNY when she makes her appearance." Did Arcadia itself ever furnish such an ideal of housekeeping? Plenty of luxuries, no care, and scarcely any cost. And when one reflects how important is a painter's mode of life in determining the degree of the unfolding of his or her artistic possibilities—when one remembers how few women are living, or have lived, whose mode of life permitted them to become great artists—the significance of this picture of life at Écouen is obvious. Usually, almost invariably, the claims of home, of society, and of natural frivolousness exclude the possibility of a woman-painter becoming a great or even a celebrated artist. She may feel the untowardness of circumstances never so keenly, but she can not materially alter them. She may wish to go to Écouen, and keep house with a kindred spirit, and with "Fanny's" help, but the aspiration is a breath from dream-land. She might as well think of becoming Cinderella. The daily fret and distraction of the praiseless duties laid upon her will work out their mission in spite of her, and from the bondage of them she will not be delivered. If—and there seems to be no logical basis for doubting the hypothesis—if the artistic genius is as natural to woman as to man, and as likely to take root in her soil as in man's, is it not displeasing to consider how many women of generous gifts and graces have failed to make artistic expression of them because of the barriers at home; how often their spiritual not less than physical environment persistently prevents them from expressing what is best in them?

IV.

The quality of tenderness in gentle women's and children's faces is seen in Miss CONANT'S "Sacred Lesson," in Mr. J. W. HARPER, Junior's, collection. A gray-haired old man is explaining to his fair-haired little granddaughter some teachings of the Bible. Each face radiates the beauty of its type, and takes its place easily in the scheme of harmonious contrast. The story is peculiarly touching. So in the "Violin-Players," two street waifs stand before a half-opened door, the older, a boy, playing on a violin; the latter, his sister, holding out a cup for pennies. No matter with what success. The brave and generous lad will not let her suffer. He is the kind of fellow to lift her in his arms and lay her away at night in some snug corner, and then keep on working for her. Some years ago a distinguished Brooklyn clergyman, having expressed very hearty admiration of the spirit of this picture, was presented with it by several of his friends, who had bought it for that purpose.

In "The Little Nurse," also, the same feature is recognized. Here, in a German peasant's sitting-room, the furniture old-fashioned and picturesque, the logs snapping in a large open fire-place, and the easy-chair near it occupied by a sunny old lady, whose illness, just leaving her, has heightened the spiritual charm of her face, appears a child of eight years—a ministering angel with a blue china bowl of steaming broth in both hands. She has no notion of spilling the liquid on the clean stone floor, nor is she in danger of forgetting her new dignity of performing such offices for others. The pith of the story is naïvely and clearly told, and the attention is not distracted by overzealousness on the part of the artist in matters of subordinate still-life. "The Charity Scholar"—an old peasant woman listening eagerly to a young girl who, being commissioned to visit the poor and read the Bible to them, is, under happy auspices, doing the gracious task. Her quaintly cut black dress, her high-crowned muslin cap, her white kerchief crossed upon her breast, enter modestly into the scheme of which her sweet, bright face is the central feature—a face that may well ordain the praise, as it certainly does the admiration, of the aged and grateful listener. Once more, in "Where is New York?" a similar spirit prevails. The light streams through an open window upon the uplifted face of a little French girl who is pointing on her atlas to the place where New York is indicated. Her sister, leaning over the same atlas, is still trying to find the city; and an older sister, who evidently prefers reading the story-book that lies partly open in one of her hands, submits with commendable patience to the trying geographical lesson, and the prospect of still further questioning by the teacher.

Child-life in its patriotic aspect is exemplified in "Mending the Old Flag," which has been engraved for this journal, and the temper of the story is again characteristic. Gathered in the old kitchen, around the torn flag of the United States, is a group of curly-headed children, putting a stripe in here, and a star in there, cutting, snipping, sewing, darning. They appreciate to their utmost the sentiment of the occasion. A Spartan mother would have been proud of them. "La Vie de Famille," in the New York Academy exhibition last year—a domestic interior with figures—was hung on the line in the Paris Salon the year before. "The End of the Story," another *genre*, occupied a similar position in the Salon last year. Each work was sent "without protection," and accepted on its own merits, Miss CONANT having declined to adopt the usual course of dispatching her contributions under the protection of some distinguished master.

V.

It is much to say of Miss CONANT'S work that when standing in front of it the spectator is not reminded that it is woman's work. Neither in the conception nor in the execution of her subject, neither as artist nor as painter, does she entice one to feel that her pictures are a woman's, and to praise them patronizingly and with limitations as such. It has long been fashionable for Londoners to remark that the Prince of Wales made Miss THOMPSON; that his gallantly complimentary allusion (in an after-dinner speech) to her "Roll-Call," when that canvas was first exhibited in the British metropolis, floated the artist into the flood-tide of popularity that has borne her on to fortune. Current criticism, undoubtedly, whether for reasons substantial or frivolous, does not recognize the artistic equality of men and women; and when it awards prizes to the latter's works, its tone is always as if it meant to say, "You have done well—considering your sex." Now Miss CONANT'S prerogative is to claim recognition not as a lady artist, but as an artist; and I venture to say that if there be such a quality as femineity in art—and certainly there is—the intelligent foreigner who should seek for it in a New York Academy exhibition would think that he had found it in scores of men's pictures sooner than in hers. In the first place, her painting lacks the distinctively feminine traits of dryness in color and indecision in touch; and in the second place, her subjects are conceived neither superficially nor narrowly. They unfold their charming possibilities to the student of them, which is the same as saying that intellectually they have depth and breadth. What the French mean when they speak of *un peintre agréable* is applicable to this artist; that is to say, her subjects are pleasing, independently of the painting itself; and it is applicable to many other American artists—too applicable, perhaps. But Miss CONANT'S pictures (and the reference here is to the latest of them) are more than this; they are agreeably painted as well; and combining these two traits, they are, on that account, notable. The spectator recognizes, in the first place, an absence of tricks of bitumen and other inexpensive mannerisms, which in many young Americans educated abroad are less distasteful of themselves than by reason of the persistence with which their exclusive divinity is vaunted. To capture the attention of a public that has itching eyes for eccentricities, and that, even in its drinks, must constantly have something new under the sun, is a feat neither difficult nor infrequent. It is easy to collect a crowd. It is just as easy to disperse it. Miss Conant's pictures possess the grateful and promising quality of not startling the spectator into gazing at them: grateful because novel, in the case of a young American studying in France, and promising because—as a matter of history—in proportion to the æsthetic startle is the æsthetic dwindle.

In the next place, Miss Conant's stories are not only well told, but are worth the telling. The conditions of her intellectual nature respond to those of her emotional, and when her heart is touched by a creature of her brain, the creature deserves her attention and ours. The subject of her canvas in the latest Academy exhibition—a room in a French peasant's cottage, with mother, cradle, and child—is conceived in the least obvious fashion. It has a score of special traits which even the intelligent spectator would be more likely to miss than to forget. In the next place, Miss Conant's pictures, more nearly than those of any other lady artist now exhibiting in this country, approximate the happy result of satisfying without satiating; they challenge criticism less, and they bear looking at oftener. This observation is made with a positive intention to avoid hateful comparisons, but the fact that it deserves to be made is due to the artist's extremely felicitous method of interpreting the winning tenderness of gentle women's and children's faces. There are other themes that some of her rivals can handle more dexterously than she, but not one of them has handled this excellent theme so well or successfully as she—handled it so that its flavor, when contrasted with the flavor of theirs, differs from it as does a chapter of history from a letter by "Our Own Correspondent." Finally, it is to be noted that Miss Conant's pictorial domain is not the region of the lace handkerchief and the coquette's fan. Her excursions have simply ignored the existence of that fashionable place of resort, which the most of her professional sisters like so well, and visit so often.

Miss Conant may congratulate herself that while, like Angelica Kauffman and a few others of her sex, she indisputably has the faculty of artistic creation, unlike Angelica Kauffman and the most of her sex, the external and internal conditions of her life have made it possible for her to become proficient in the technique of her profession. Year by year the competition for laurels grows more fierce in the studios, and the struggle for honorable existence more difficult. But a woman whom her Maker has made an artist, and whom her circumstances are making a painter, need not fear.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose the one I use as being the oddest; and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I never could discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day, I have been told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in his most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years of age, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support, and no other relative) by the fact that every first of June saw bright new mattings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and what-nots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups, thin as egg-shells—rarities in those days, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real Simon Pure aristocrats look down upon trade even on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor.

However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the "blue bloods" of the old country.

Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep indignation for several days after a manly, clever, good-looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a comfortable income, but who was junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth Avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in astonishment, and curling her full red upper lip in scorn: "to imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, our fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young book-keeper whom her brother Laurence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of their sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but she was never invited to ride behind his fast horses, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the stout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron-works ("wholesale *and retail*") on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sundry others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady cousins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother. *I* never had had, at the time this story commences, being then in my eighteenth year, a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the background on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when rather an old girl, a widower in the milk business—very wholesale, however—the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, deigned to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in a shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared they had sacrificed themselves for the family, uncle having failed for the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their "sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there still were left at home to be taken care of after their departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who, having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure, uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady-like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants, and moved into a much smaller house.

But in spite of all our efforts at economy our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening, after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice-cream, méringues, wine jellies, and similar dainties every day for dessert, for the two sufficient reasons that we couldn't afford them and our present cook couldn't make them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above-mentioned luxuries (all the Egberts, by-the-bye, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat), she might knit and crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself, and sell them to"—Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek.

"Work for a store!" she cried. "I'd *starve* first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt. "How dare you even *think* of such a thing? Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine"—turning to her brother Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that impertinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morning, with the air of doing a kindness, too, to offer *me* a position in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet. "One of *my* sisters a teacher! Great heavens!" and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring.

"Whatever is done, *we* can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of *our* family never work."

I thought to myself, "Nor the men neither, except poor old uncle, who is fagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel, and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dangling over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so graceful or becoming.

"Discharge the chamber-maid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea" (I am Dorothea) "do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had; she always *would* bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes all smack of trade—trade—trade." I discovered in after-years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chamber-maid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have foreseen that your father would have come down in this way, I never would have married him. I really don't know what is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown, and where it don't matter how we live."

"The country!" screamed her children in chorus. "Better death at once."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I blurted out something that had been in my mind for several weeks: "Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger?—one who would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt has rather a bass voice) to "leave the room—instantly."

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week-days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning's paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a family of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger, for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and cousins insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps, and rang our door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "*We* were not born with the souls of lodging-house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly formed old gentleman, with big bright black eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a long white mustache and beard.

"You have a room to let?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into the parlor, where he glanced keenly around, and then as keenly into my face, while he announced in a decisive tone:

"I have come to take it. My luggage is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to direct the man to carry it."

"But"—I began, in a hesitating way, utterly confused by the stranger's brusque, not to say high-handed, manner.

"'But me no buts,'" quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the last twenty years. Since I landed in New York, a month ago to-day, I have been boarding at the St. Nicholas. But where's your mother?"

I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on, though it strikes me that you are rather young for the business. You 'have never taken a lodger before.' I am glad of it, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain. You want a 'liberal equivalent' for your fine room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we did not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another 'liberal equivalent' for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him, the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes, and strong will-power of the frail-looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "references" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door, and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately these included a number of nice engravings and vases, and a capacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and foot-stool of like color. And the fragrance of the honeysuckles that stole in at the window from the balcony, and the two or three sunbeams that had found their way through the half-closed blinds, and danced in triumph on the wall, and the half-dozen gayly bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in one corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts, and taken entire charge of his room, "as well as though I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin Cleanthe remarked, and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was taken sick.

"It's an old complaint, which will carry me off some time," said he to me; "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty" (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it), "live or die, I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die of a professional. By-the-bye, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"If I am not better, send for him to-morrow. I am going out now—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I sha'n't take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Alethea. "Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay: he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should have degraded herself so far as to become his servant-maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a month or so before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with *elegant* economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things.

But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I repeat it, I am very fond of him. And if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years, and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so liberally—it would be the basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But of one thing I am determined: you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat, and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below," drawled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; "he'll do for your fine old—nuisance."

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad-browed young man, with gentle voice and quick, light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in regard to our family physician.

And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return to England.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied. "But it is right that you should go."

"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-by.

Mine I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partly recovered from my astonishment and delight, I flew down stairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"Dear little Honesty,—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks under God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you both to-morrow.

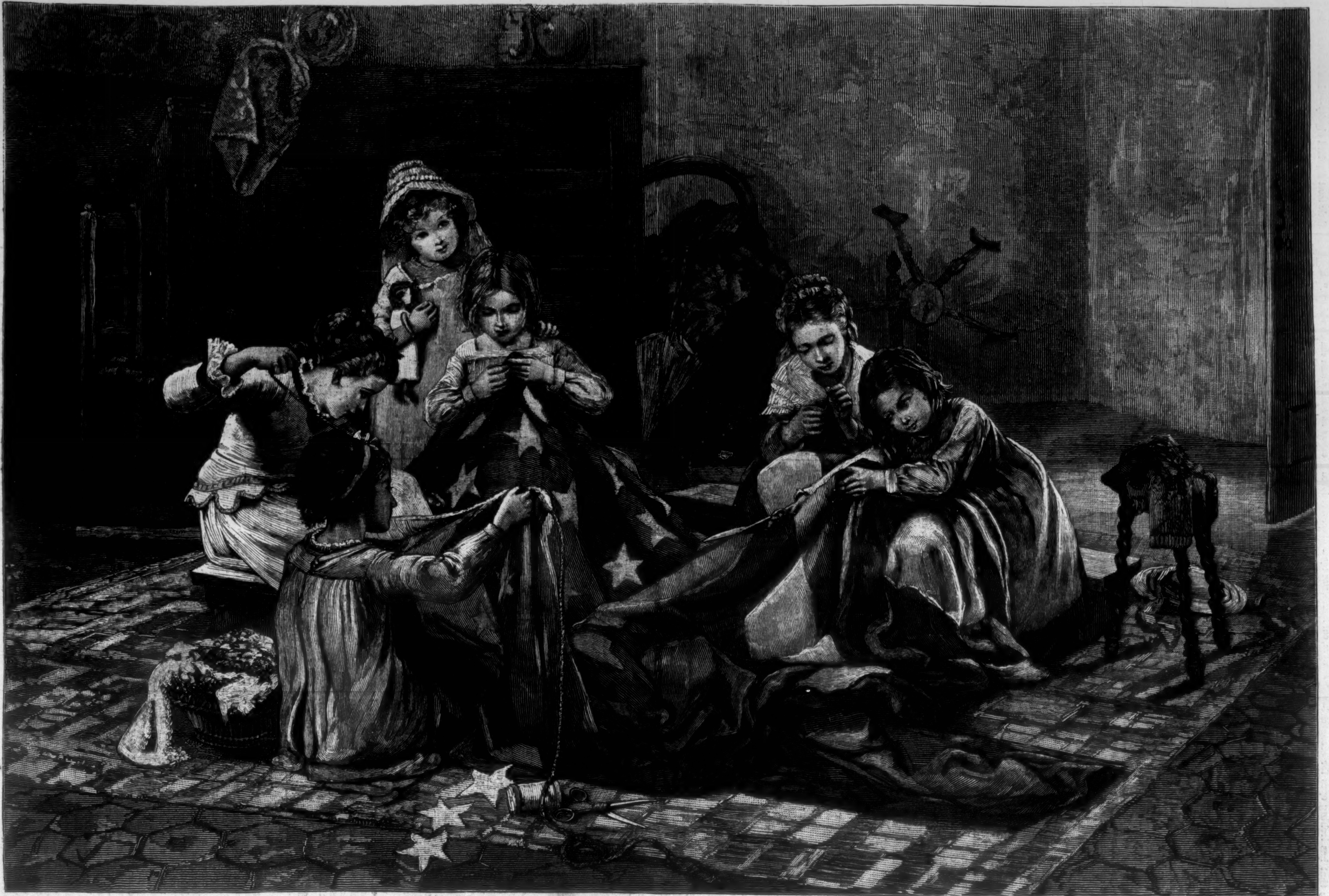
"Amos Griffin.

"P. S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She will find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her youngest brother was before her, and she was fain to turn back again as he slid down the baluster, and landed in our midst with something in his arms.

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words, "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance.'"

I married Dr. Rice.



"MENDING THE OLD FLAG."—FROM THE PAINTING BY CORNELIA W. CONANT, IN THE POSSESSION OF JOSEPH W. HARPER, JUN.—[SEE POEM BY WILL CARLETON, PAGE 470.]

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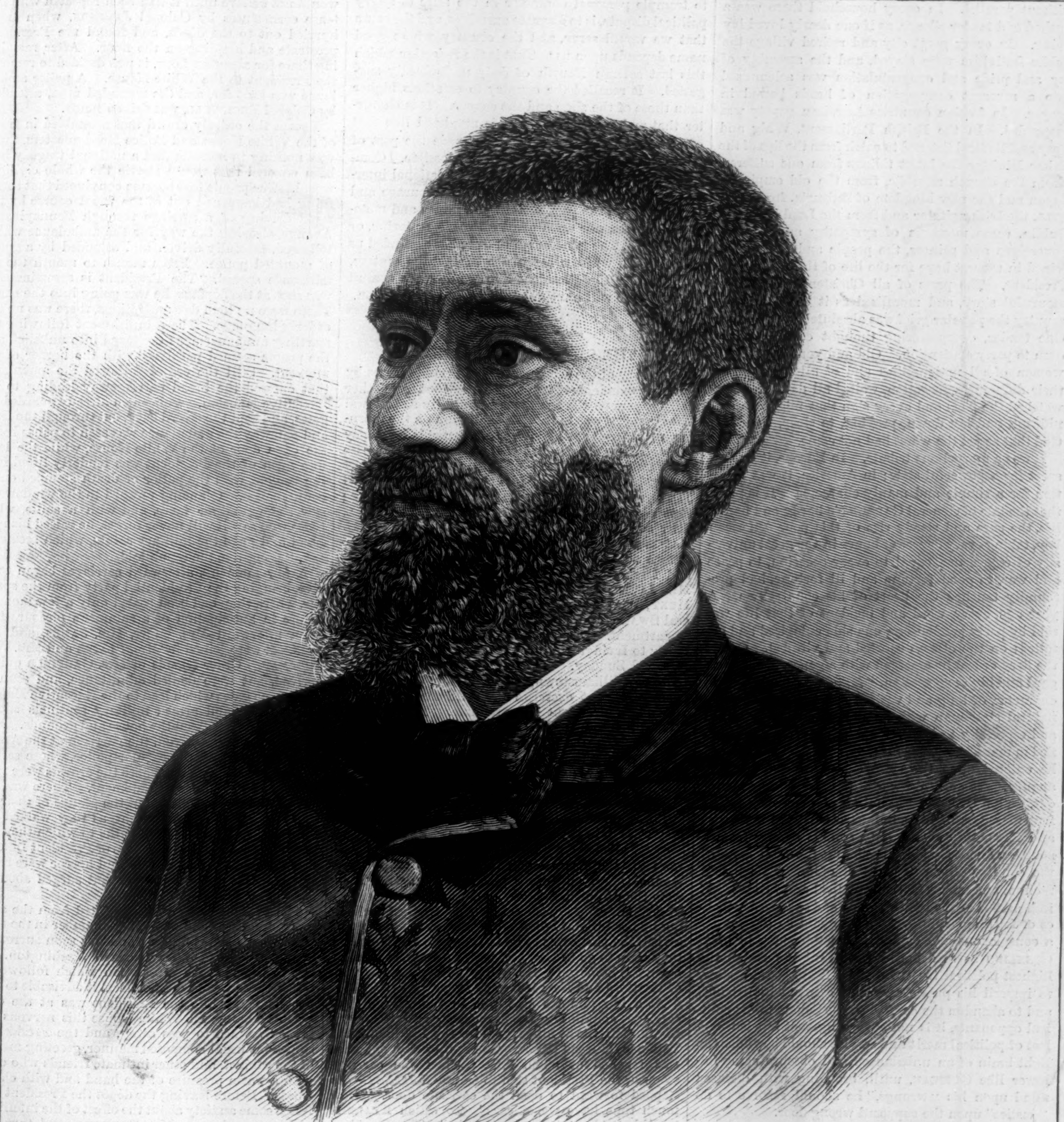


THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON—THE ASSASSIN CHARLES JULES GUITEAU.

Photographed expressly for Harper's Weekly by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

NO Fourth of July in our history was ever so mournful as that which has just passed. In 1826, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on Independence-day. But the singular and beautiful coincidence was not known for some time, and then it was felt to be a fitting and memorable end of the life of venerable patriots long withdrawn from public affairs. Nearly forty years later, in 1863, there was intense and universal anxiety when the great day dawned. Mr. Greeley, in his history, calls the ten days preceding the Fourth of July in that year "the very darkest days that the Republic ever saw." But that was during the angry fury of civil war, when passions and emotions of every kind were inflamed to the utmost. There was fiery party rancor in the feeling of that time, and the whole year was full of similar excitement.

But the emotion and the spectacle of this year are without parallel. In every household there was a hushed and tender silence, as if one dearly loved lay dying. In every great city and retired village the public festivities were stayed, and the assembly of joy and pride and congratulation was solemnized into a reverent congregation of heads bowed in prayer. In foreign countries American gayety was suspended. In the British Parliament, Whig and Tory and Radical listened to catch from the lips of the Prime Minister the latest tidings from one sufferer. From the French republic, from the old empire of Japan and the new kingdom of Bulgaria, from Parnell, the Irish agitator and from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, came messages of sympathy and sorrow. Sovereigns and princes, the people and the nobles, joined in earnest hope for the life of the Republican President. The press of all Christendom told the mournful story, and moralized as it told. In this country the popular grief was absolutely unanimous. One tender, overpowering thought called a truce even to party contention. Old and young, men and women of all nationalities and of all preferences, their differences forgotten, waited all day for news, watched the flags and every sign that might be significant, and lay down, praying, to sleep, thanking God that as yet the worst had not come.

It was a marvellous tribute. In Europe, it was respect for a powerful state; in America, it was affection for a simple and manly character. It is plain that the tale of General Garfield's hardy and heroic life, the sure and steady rise of this poor American boy, taking every degree of honor in the great university of experience, equal to every occasion, to peace and war, to good fortune and ill fortune, had profoundly touched the heart of his countrymen. A year ago, every word and incident of that life was told by party passion—on one side eulogized and extolled; on the other, distorted and villified. Out of the fiery ordeal he emerged with a general kindly regard and high expectation. Mild and conciliatory in character, of long and various political experience, a natural statesman with an able mind amply stored and especially trained for public duty, simply dignified in manner, a powerful man, singularly blameless, he entered upon the Presidency with every happy augury. The country was at peace within and without, and hummed with universal prosperity. The first measures of his administration were both wise and fortunate, and the only trouble sprang from a source which is rapidly becoming the fatal bane of the country—the patronage of office. This breeds faction, and makes faction fanatical and furious. If indignation with fancied slights and supposed breaches of faith regarding patronage could so overmaster a conspicuous and experienced public man like Mr. Conkling as to drive him suddenly to resign the highest political trust which his State could bestow, to imperil his public career, to astound his friends, and to abandon the control of the Senate to his political opponents, it is not surprising that fancied neglect of political merit and service should bewilder the light brain of an unbalanced and obscure camp-follower like Guiteau, until, brooding with diseased mind upon his "wrongs," he should resolve to do "justice" upon the supposed wrong-doer.

So, in the most peaceful and prosperous moment that this country has known for a half-century, the shot of the assassin is fired at a man absolutely without personal enemies, and a President whom even his political opponents respect. Then to the impression of brave and generous and sagacious manhood, already produced by his career, was added his sweet and tranquil bearing under the murderous blow. The unselfish thought of others, the cheerful steadiness and even gayety of temper, the lofty and manly resignation, with entire freedom from ostentation of piety, the strong love of the strong man for those dearest to him, and the noble response of his wife's calm and perfect womanhood to this supreme and courageous manhood, filled the hearts of his countrymen with sympathy and love and sorrow, and whether he lived or died, his place in the affection of Americans was as secure as Lincoln's.

Such feeling of millions of hearts for one man is profoundly touching. It gives him a great distinction among all mankind. But it is also a benediction for a people to be lifted by such an emotion. It is impossible that party passion should not be somewhat subdued by it, and that a wholesome sense of shame should not chasten factions and disputes. If such are the men with whom bitter quarrels are waged, and upon whom unstinted contumely and contempt are poured out, shall we not all upon every side pause and reflect that to blow mere party fires to fury, and to trample personal character in the mire of angry political dispute, is to disgrace ourselves, and the cause that we would serve, and the country whose good name depends upon us? That is the reflection which this last solemn Fourth of July undoubtedly suggested. It recalled the country to emotions higher than those of the shop and the caucus. It is character that makes a country. It is manhood like that of Garfield and Lincoln which made the past of America, and which makes its future possible. Commercial prosperity and politics and all national interests rest at last upon the honesty and courage and intelligence of the people, not upon mines and material resources, nor upon great railroads, or tariffs, or free trade. The late Fourth of July has reminded us of this truth with an eloquence beyond the orators, and whether the President lives or dies, the assault upon his life will have quickened that of the nation.

George William Curtis.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

The story of the crime as told in graphic terms by the correspondents of the New York *Times* and other daily papers on the spot, is substantially as follows: The President was to leave Washington on the morning of Saturday, July 2, for an extended journey through New England. The party was to comprise the President and Mrs. Garfield (who was to meet him in New York), their two elder sons, Harry and James, and Miss Mollie Garfield, their daughter; Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, with Don Rockwell, their son, and Miss Lulu Rockwell; Dr. W. H. Hawkes, the classical tutor of the three young gentlemen above named; the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Windom; Postmaster-General James and Mrs. James; the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Hunt; the Secretary of War; Judge-Advocate-General Swaim; and Colonel Jameson, of the Post-office Department. From New York they were to go directly to Irvington, on the Hudson, where they were to spend Sunday. On Monday morning they were to go to Williamstown, Massachusetts, to attend the Commencement exercises of Williams College, of which the President is a graduate. They were to remain there until Thursday noon, and then take the cars for St. Albans, Vermont, spending Friday at that place. From there they were to go to the White Mountains, staying at Maplewood or Bethlehem, and remaining over Sunday. On Monday they were to go to the top of Mount Washington, and on Tuesday to Portland, Maine; from thence to Augusta, where they were to be the guests of Secretary Blaine. The Secretary had secured a revenue-cutter, and the party were to take a trip along the Maine coast, visiting Mount Desert and other places of interest. They were then to visit Bangor, Maine, and from there go to Boston. The Legislature of New Hampshire having by resolution invited the President to make them a visit, the party was to go to Concord. From there they were to go to New Concord, Massachusetts, then begin the homeward trip, going to New York by way of Hartford and New Haven.

At a few minutes past nine in the morning the carriage containing the President and Secretary Blaine left the White House for the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Dépôt. The Sixth Street entrance was reached at about 9.20. When the carriage stopped, the President said to Officer Kearney, who stepped forward to open the carriage door, "How much time have we, officer?" To which Kearney replied, "About ten minutes, sir." The President lingered in the carriage for a few minutes, as if to finish a conversation with Secretary Blaine, when he alighted, and, followed by the Secretary, proceeded to the ladies' entrance, the two gentlemen passing leisurely through the ladies' waiting-room arm in arm, the President being on the left of Mr. Blaine.

They had proceeded only a few feet into the general passenger room when two pistol shots were fired in rapid succession from the rear and to the right of Secretary Blaine. The first shot passed through the right coat sleeve of the President, inflicting no injury, but the second shot entered his body above the third rib. When the President was struck, he turned sharply to the right, but before he could take a step or make another motion he sank heavily to the floor, the blood spurting profusely from a jagged wound caused by a ball of the size known as calibre 44. Secretary Blaine turned toward the assassin, but discovering that he was in the custody of an officer, his attention was immediately given to the prostrate President, who was carried to a room in the second story of the dépôt building, where are situated the offices of the railroad company.

Secretaries Lincoln, Windom, and Hunt, and Postmaster-General James, having seen their respective wives seated in the special car, repaired to the long platform, where they walked up and down in front of the car, awaiting the President's arrival. While thus engaged, Colonel Jameson, of the Postal Railway Service, rushed up to the Postmaster-General, and informed him that the President had been shot—a statement which Mr. James and his companions would not believe until it had been repeated with intense earnestness by Colonel Jameson, when they hurried out to the dépôt, and found the President prostrate and bleeding on the floor. After remaining there for about an hour, it was decided to remove the President to the White House. A police ambulance was sent for, and the wounded man, attended by Colonel Rockwell, was driven home.

Except the orderly crowd that assembled in front of the White House and Police Head-quarters, there was nothing to indicate that a national tragedy had been enacted that would startle the whole civilized world. The people first became convinced that something had happened out of the usual course by the rapid driving of a carriage through Pennsylvania Avenue, clearing the way for the ambulance which followed, carefully driven and attended by a guard of mounted police. From mouth to mouth the intelligence spread, "The President is assassinated—was shot at the dépôt as he was going into the cars." There were no loud demonstrations, there was no disorderly language. The astonishment following the startling announcement deepened into unbelief, and the people seemed paralyzed with the horror of the moment. Still the crowd followed the ambulance that entered the broad carriageway leading to the Executive Mansion. Policemen already guarded the gates, and kept the crowd back, but through the fence and gateway the ambulance was seen to pause before the open door of the White House, while the large fine form of the President was tenderly lifted from the vehicle, with the pallor of death stamped on his countenance. Glancing upward to the windows, he saw some familiar faces, and with a smile, which those who saw it will never forget, he raised his right hand and gave the military salute, which seemed to say, "Long live the republic!"

A few moments afterward carriages began to arrive, bringing the Presidential party from the special car, where they had been seated only a few moments before in anticipation of a summer's pleasure tour. Soon afterward Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. James, and Mrs. Windom were joined by Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. W. T. Sherman. Other friends of Mrs. Garfield quickly arrived, but were denied admittance, and soon the ponderous gates which lead to the Executive Mansion were closed, and armed military sentinels silently took their places about the house and grounds. These troops were ordered from the garrison at the Arsenal in order to relieve the regular police, whose services were needed in the city, where the crowds were rapidly increasing in angry excitement. There was only one company of soldiers, but the glance of their bayonets flashing in the sunlight, as they walked with measured tread the several paths to which they were assigned, recalled the last hours of President Lincoln, when the same astonishment and horror were reflected on the faces of the crowds that surged about the Executive Mansion.

The President was carefully lifted from the ambulance, and carried to a sleeping-chamber in the south-east corner of the building, and was soon surrounded by the most eminent physicians in Washington. Owing to the nervous prostration which followed the shock, the surgeons did not deem it advisable to probe for the ball while the President was at the dépôt. Upon reaching the White House this nervous prostration seemed to pass away, and the President assumed his usual composed manner, greeting members of the cabinet, and other intimate friends who called, with a warm pressure of the hand and with cheerful words. Before leaving the dépôt the President manifested some anxiety about the effect of the intelligence of his wound upon Mrs. Garfield, and turning to Colonel Rockwell, dictated to him the following dispatch to be sent to Mrs. Garfield at Long Branch:

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, New Jersey:

The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he can not yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you. A. F. Rockwell.

The cheerful manner of the President throughout the morning and the early hours of the afternoon excited the strongest hopes on the part of his surgeons and friends that the ball had not touched any vital part, and that when the wounded man had gained sufficient strength and composure an effort might be made to find the ball. Directions were given that the President should see as few persons as possible, and that he should be kept from conversation, or making any particular effort whatever. After consultation it was determined by the surgeons that at three o'clock, if the condition of the President would permit, they would probe for the ball. When this hour arrived it was found that the President was not in condition to undergo the operation.

During the afternoon, although suffering intensely from his wound, the President several times gave exhibition of his well-known good-nature and genial disposition. At one time, while Secretary BLAINE was sitting at his bedside, the President, turning his head, said, "BLAINE, what motive do you think that man could have had in trying to assassinate me?"

To which Mr. BLAINE replied: "I do not know, Mr. President. He says he had no motive. He must be insane."

To this the President smilingly answered, "I suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief."

At another time, when one of his sons was sobbing at his bedside, the President said, "Don't be alarmed, JIMMY; the upper story is all right; it is only the hull that is a little damaged."

When Colonel ROCKWELL announced to him that Mrs. GARFIELD had started on a special train from Long Branch, he said, with evident feeling, "God bless the little woman! I hope the shock won't break her down."

During the day the President talked considerably. According to Dr. BLISS, he was at times jocular, and the vein of his conversation was of a light character, and calculated to cheer up his friends and attendants. The President informed the doctor that he desired to be kept accurately informed about his condition. "Conceal nothing from me," said he, "for remember that I am not afraid to die."

Toward four o'clock, when the evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable, and all the indications seemed to point to his dissolution, the President asked Dr. BLISS what the prospects were. He said: "Are they bad, doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me frankly. I am ready for the worst."

"Mr. President," replied Dr. BLISS, "your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours."

"God's will be done, doctor; I'm ready to go if my time has come," firmly responded the wounded man.

ARREST OF THE ASSASSIN.

Immediately after the shooting the assassin was arrested. He proved to be one CHARLES J. GUITEAU, an eccentric pettifogging lawyer, who has been an unsuccessful applicant for office under the government, and who has led a precarious existence in several of the large cities of the country. Policeman KEARNEY, who made the arrest, tells the story as follows:

"GUITEAU arrived at the dépôt about an hour ahead of the Presidential party, and moved about and acted quite restlessly. My attention was attracted by his movements, but I did not watch the assassin particularly until I heard him ask a hackman at the Sixth Street Dépôt if he could drive him off in a hurry if required. I thought that was a peculiar thing, but before I could follow it up closer I saw the President's party driving down Sixth Street to the dépôt, and I had to go and look after them. They drove to the B Street entrance. Secretary BLAINE was with the President, and the two entered the dépôt together. The President walked up to me, and asked how much time he had before the train left. It was twenty minutes after nine, I saw by looking at my watch, and I told the President he had ten minutes. Just as he thanked me I heard a pistol-shot. I saw the man that I had been watching previously standing about ten feet away in the shadow of the main entrance to the waiting-room levelling his pistol across his arm. He fired a second shot before I could speak to him, and darted between myself and the President and Secretary BLAINE into the street. The President reeled and fell just in front of me. As he fell he said something that I could not exactly understand, and Secretary BLAINE, with a terrified look, pushed toward him, exclaiming: 'My God! he has been murdered! What is the meaning of this?' I did not stop longer, but ran out after the assassin, and arrested him just as he started across B Street toward Sixth Street.

"'In God's name, man,' I shouted, 'what did you shoot the President for?'

"His answer was, 'I am a Stalwart, and want ARTHUR for President.'

"He still carried his pistol in his hand; it was a large California revolver of large calibre, with a bone handle. He appeared perfectly cool, and offered no resistance, but went quietly to Police Head-quarters with me."

One hour after the shooting the prisoner was safely lodged in the District jail.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

The most intense excitement was caused at Long Branch by the news of the shooting of President GARFIELD. The offices of the Elberon, West End, Ocean, and United States hotels, the Mansion House, the Hotel Brighton, and other hotels were filled with crowds of excited men, who closely watched every movement of the telegraph operators, and listened to the click of the telegraph instruments as if in hope of hearing something that would give hope that the President would be spared to the country. In the offices and hotel corridors men gathered in groups, and with pale faces and low voices talked over the reports of the shooting. President GARFIELD and his family had become beloved and revered by the people during their short stay at the sea-side, and on all hands the shooting and probable death of the President were spoken of with deep feeling and expressions of sincere sorrow.

The news was first received in the following dispatch from Colonel ROCKWELL, the private secretary of the President, to General D. G. SWAIM, Judge-Advocate-General of the Army:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 2, 1881.
>
> *General D. G. Swaim, Elberon Hotel, New Jersey:*
>
> The President has been shot: am afraid is serious. Keep it from Mrs. GARFIELD till you hear further. The doctors say not dangerous. ROCKWELL.

This was followed almost immediately by another dispatch from J. S. BROWN, also a secretary to the President, reading as follows:

> EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 2, 1881.
>
> *Mrs. J. A. Garfield, Elberon, New Jersey:*
>
> Don't believe sensational dispatches about the President. Will keep you constantly advised. J. S. BROWN.

To General SWAIM was delegated the duty of informing Mrs. GARFIELD of the sad affliction that had befallen her beloved husband. He broke the mournful news as gently as possible by telling her an accident had occurred. He then suggested that it would be better for her to return direct to Washington to meet her husband instead of going to New York, as she had designed. When the dispatch was received directed to Mrs. GARFIELD and signed by Colonel ROCKWELL, which had been sent by the President, General SWAIM decided to tell her that her husband was injured. This he did in a gentle manner, but he kept from her all knowledge of the dangerous condition of her husband.

General SWAIM received another dispatch, reading as follows:

> EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 2, 1881.
>
> *General Swaim, Elberon, New Jersey:*
>
> We have the President safely and comfortably settled in his room at the Executive Mansion. His pulse is strong and nearly normal. So far as I can detect from what the surgeons say, and from his general condition, I feel very hopeful. Come on as soon as you can get special. Advise me of the movements of your train, and when you can be expected. As the President said on a similar occasion, sixteen years ago, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." A. F. ROCKWELL.

Mrs. GARFIELD and her daughter, Miss MOLLIE GARFIELD, at once began preparations for an immediate return to the Executive Mansion. The sad news spread like wildfire. A large number of persons called at the Elberon Hotel to express their sympathy to Mrs. GARFIELD and daughter, and in the hope of obtaining some news that would show that the reports circulated at the hotel and about town were grossly exaggerated. Among them were Mr. JOHN SLOANE (who acted as master of ceremonies at the President's reception in the parlors of the Elberon Hotel a few days before), ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY, Mrs. ROBERT B. MINTURN, H. VICTOR NEWCOMBE, Dr. A. H. SMITH, JESSE GRANT, and others.

General GRANT appeared almost stunned when the news reached his cottage. He ordered his carriage, and was driven at once to the Elberon Hotel. He entered the room in which Mrs. GARFIELD was seated, his face pale, and his lips twitching with emotion. He expressed his sorrow for her affliction, and a hope that the President would recover and long be spared to the country. Some of the persons who called on Mrs. GARFIELD were unable to speak, but pressed her hand, and left the room with their eyes filled with tears. General GRANT sent the following message to the Secretary of War:

> LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY *July*, 2, 1881.
>
> *To R. Lincoln, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:*
>
> Please dispatch me the condition of the President. News received is conflicting. I hope the most favorable may be confirmed. Express to the President my deep sympathy and hope that he may speedily recover. U. S. GRANT.

General GRANT, in speaking about the attempted assassination of President GARFIELD, said, "If this is the outgrowth of Nihilism in our country, I am in favor of crushing it out immediately by the prompt execution of the would-be assassins and their followers."

Mrs. GARFIELD and her daughter left Elberon for Washington at 12.45 P.M. They were accompanied by Judge-Advocate-General SWAIM, and Mrs. and Miss ROCKWELL. They were driven to the station in the private carriage of H. VICTOR NEWCOMBE. A special train, consisting of a baggage-car and a palace coach, conveyed the party to Washington. The Central New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads with praiseworthy haste combined in placing a special train at the disposal of Mrs. GARFIELD and family. The afflicted family soon after boarded the train, which started for Washington viâ Monmouth Junction, having the right of way in all cases.

Mrs. GARFIELD was self-composed, owing to the fact that the critical condition of the President was kept from her knowledge. A large number of persons witnessed her departure, sympathy being expressed on each face.

The arrival of Mrs. GARFIELD in Washington was looked for with eager expectation. She was carried in a special train as fast as steam could drive the wheels, but an accident to the locomotive caused some delay, and it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening when two carriages, one of them containing Mrs. GARFIELD, drove up to the south front of the Executive Mansion. Mrs. GARFIELD and one or two attendants occupied the first carriage, and when it stopped, the door was opened by Attorney-General MACVEAGH, and she was assisted to alight by her son HARRY, who had been waiting for her arrival. She passed up the stairs unassisted, and though betraying evident signs of great emotion and excitement, seemed to be strong. The President had been impatiently awaiting her arrival, for he appreciated the gravity of the situation, and knew as well as any one that his end was perhaps near. When the sound of the wheels was heard on the gravel driveway he addressed Postmaster-General JAMES, who was sitting at his bedside, and said, "That's my wife."

Mrs. GARFIELD was so fatigued by her hasty trip, taken suddenly and in such a delicate state of health, that she grew faint, and felt herself obliged to go to the dining-room below for some refreshment. She went down stairs, accompanied by Colonel ROCKWELL. They had scarcely seated themselves at the table when an attendant rushed down and told them that the President was sinking fast, and that they should at once hurry to his bedside. The President had kept himself up largely by will power, and now that the suspense and necessity were over, had shown signs of a physical collapse. From this moment he failed fast, his voice sinking to a whisper, and his whole aspect being that of a dying man. The persons present in the room, except the family and personal attendants, retired in order to allow the family to meet around the bedside alone. They remained together about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the doctors were again admitted to the room. They found the President perfectly conscious, but much weaker, his pulse being 146.

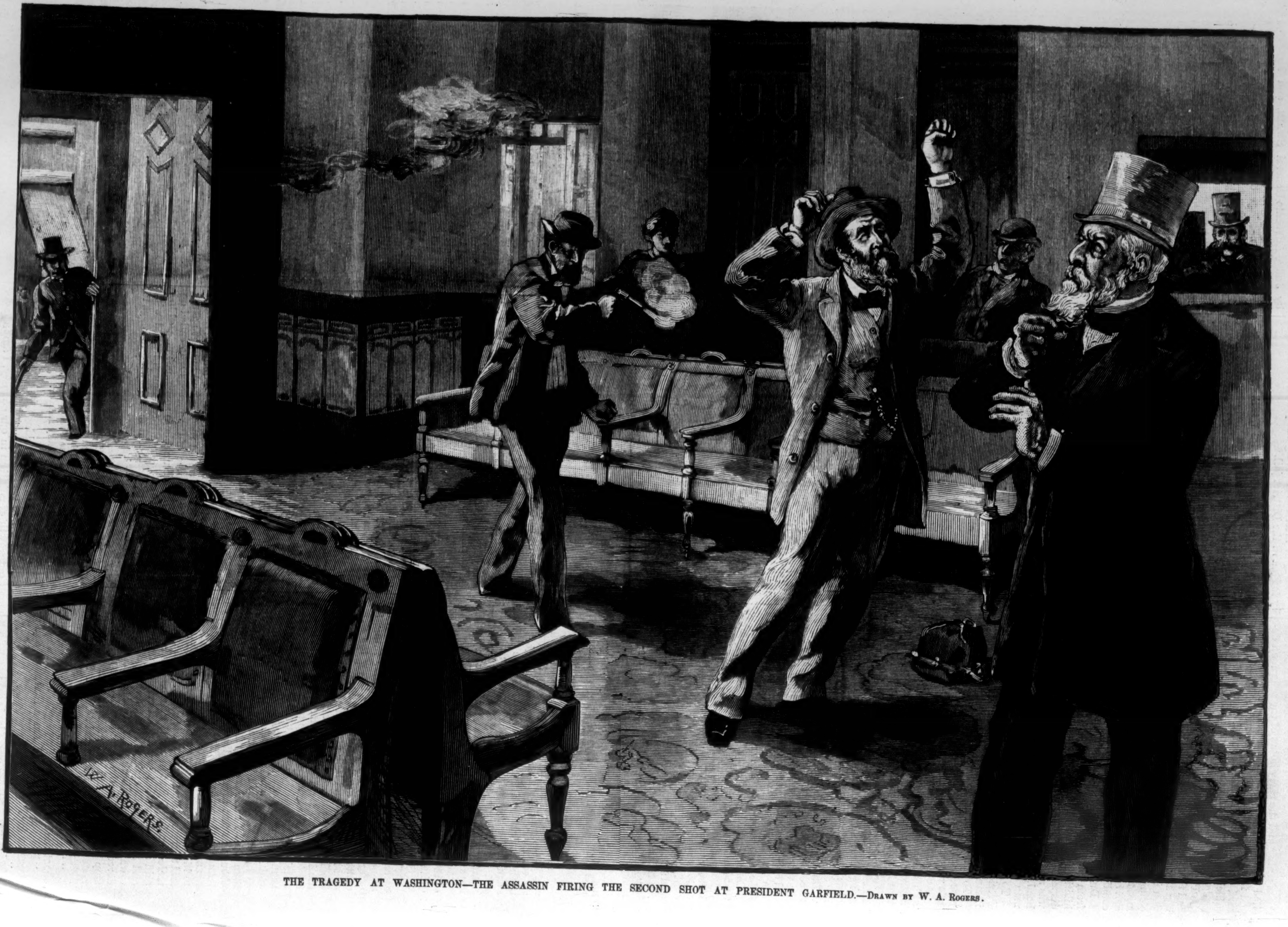
THE NIGHT-WATCH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The night of the 2d of July will forever mark an era in the history of the Executive Mansion. The full particulars of that night of anxious watching and fearful forebodings will probably never be written. The actors in the scene were too busy and too much excited by their fears to remember half of the little incidents which go to make up the tragic story; but some dim picture of the terrible life drama which was enacted in the President's chamber, while the whole world was awaiting with breathless anxiety its culmination, may be drawn at this time, while the actors of it still hold its prominent features fresh in their memory.

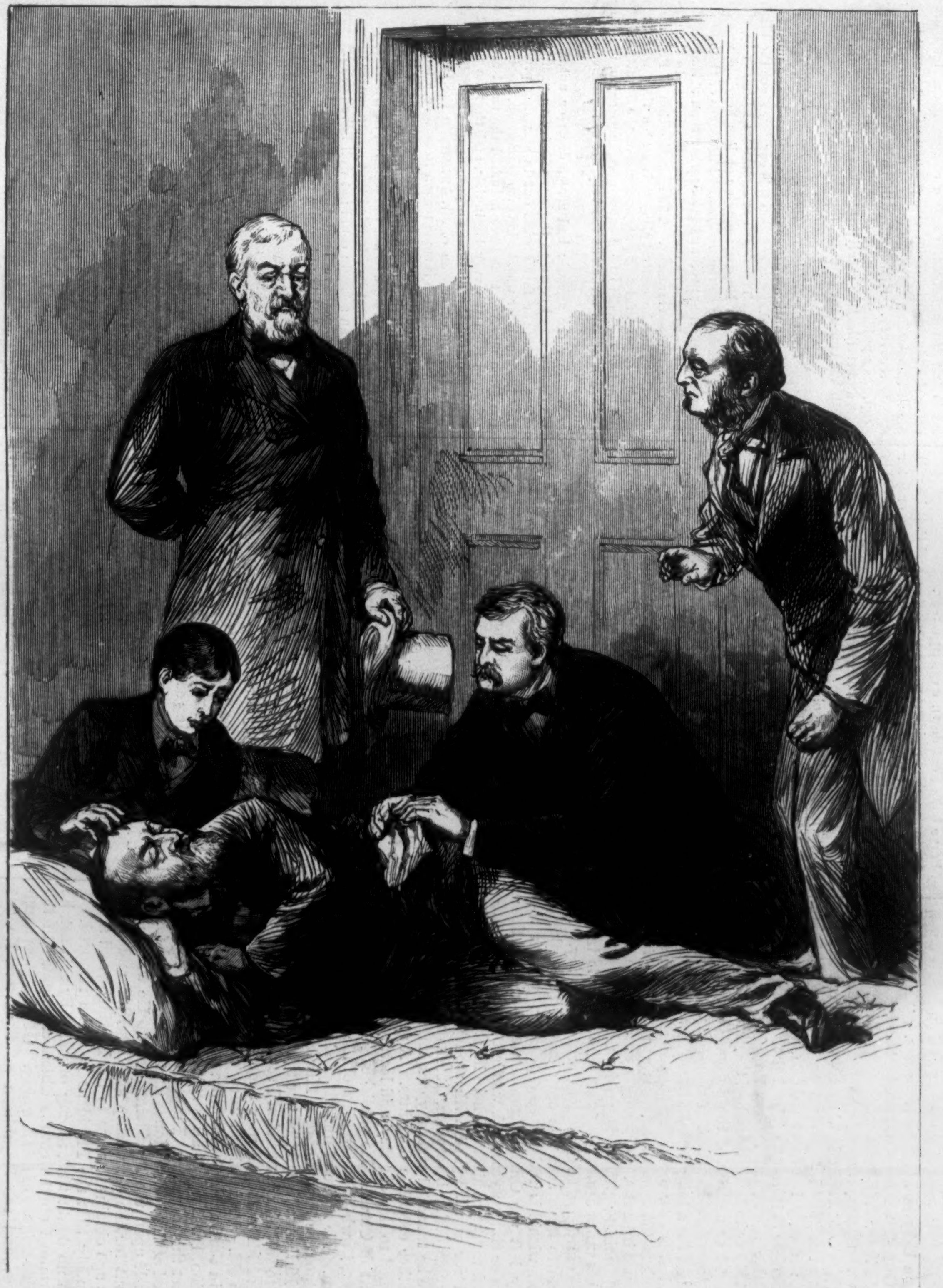
From the hour of the shooting until very nearly midnight but little if any hope of saving the President's life was entertained by the physicians who attended him. It is safe to say that but for the remarkably abstemious course of life which he had pursued from boyhood up he never would have rallied from the shock. His one thought, when it became possible for him to think calmly at all, after being removed to his chamber in the Executive Mansion, was for his wife and children. He feared the effect of the terrible news upon Mrs. GARFIELD, and he was anxious to have her and their daughter MOLLIE with him, that he might re-assure them if possible, and look upon them for the last time if it was decreed that he should die. He was very weak at this time, and to all appearances sinking fast. He was told by Mrs. JAMES, wife of the Postmaster-General, and Mrs. HUNT, who were doing all that sympathetic women could do to make him comfortable, that Mrs. GARFIELD would be with him by six o'clock. Every moment seemed an age to the fast sinking father and husband. He turned restlessly on his bed, and asked the time of day continually. It was evident that his anxiety to meet Mrs. GARFIELD was aggravating the effect of the wounds which he had received; but nothing could be done.

At length the wife and daughter came, and from the moment he saw them the President seemed to gain in strength and spirits. After they had left him he turned over, and fell into a gentle sleep. In half an hour, however, he awoke, and complained of a pain in his feet. It did not last long, and he dozed off again,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 486.]

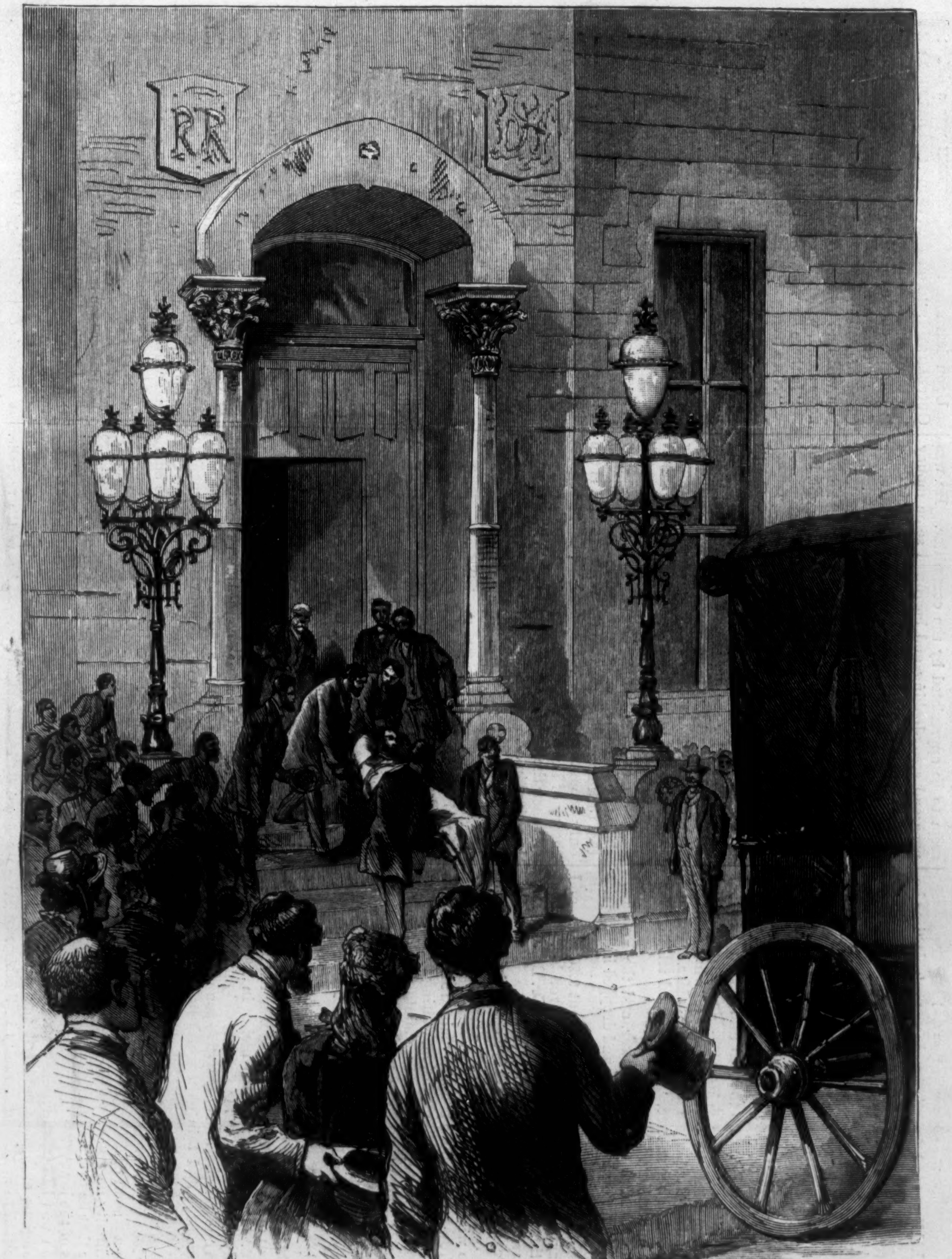


THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON—THE ASSASSIN FIRING THE SECOND SHOT AT PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



The President's Son. Secretary Blaine. Dr. Townshend. Dr. Bliss.

THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON—SCENE IN THE UPPER ROOM AT THE DÉPÔT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SHOOTING.
Drawn by W. P. Snyder, from a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.



THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON—REMOVING THE PRESIDENT FROM THE DÉPÔT TO THE AMBULANCE.
Drawn by George G. White, from a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.

[Continued from Page 483.]

still holding the hand of Mrs. James. This time he slept a little over half an hour, and when he awoke he said to Mrs. James, "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?"

"Oh yes," Mrs. James answered, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband."

He looked up to the lady with an anxious face, and said: "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say if she will undress and go to bed, I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed I can go to sleep and sleep all night? Tell her," he exclaimed, with sudden energy, "that I *will* sleep all night if she will only do what I ask."

Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said to her at once, "Go back and tell him that I am undressing."

She returned with the answer, and the President turned over on his right side and dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly.

The President rallied a little about 9.20 P. M., and his symptoms were a little more favorable. About the time he began to rally he said to Dr. Bliss, "Doctor, what are the indications?"

Dr. Bliss replied, "There is a chance of recovery."

"Well, then," responded the President, cheerfully, "we will take that chance."

Crowds of anxious people remained all night about the gate leading to the Mansion, waiting for the latest news. A strict watch was maintained over the grounds, and no one was permitted to enter them without a pass. At the Executive Mansion every one was rigorously excluded, the orders being not to take even a card to those in attendance upon the President.

GUITEAU'S CAREER.

Charles Jules Guiteau, the would-be assassin, is a man of about forty years of age, and of French descent. He is five feet five inches in height, has a sandy complexion, and is slender, weighing not more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He wears a mustache and thin chin whiskers, slightly tinged with gray. His sunken cheeks and widely separated eyes give him a sullen, or, as the jailer describes it, a "looney," appearance. He has for some years been a person of disordered mind and restless habits. Nominally he was a lawyer, although it does not appear that he ever had any practice except among persons of the lowest social and moral rank. His reputation was bad wherever he went. He was at times a religious enthusiast, and last summer turned his attention to politics, apparently in the hope of gaining some preferment.

Colonel Burnside, the disbursing officer at the Post-office Department, says he knew Guiteau when he was a baby in his mother's arms. "His father, J. W. Guiteau, was an old resident and respected citizen of Freeport, Illinois, where he held many offices of trust. Some years ago he became deranged on the subject of 'Perfection,' and lectured extensively through the North and West on that subject. He married a very beautiful woman, with whom and the younger children he joined the Oneida Community. He afterward returned to Freeport, where, from 1864 up to last September, the time of his death, he served as cashier of the Second National Bank. There were three children. An older brother, Wilkes Guiteau, for a long time practiced law at Davenport, Iowa, but is now practicing his profession in Boston, Massachusetts, where also he is at the head of large insurance interests. A younger sister, Flora, was a very promising girl, having a decided talent for music. Charles Jules Guiteau, who to-day is in jail for the murder of the President, was an odd boy. He appears to have been the only one of the children tainted with his father's eccentricities. When the family left the Oneida Community, Charles, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was left behind. He afterward went to Chicago, where he studied law, being cared for and supplied with money by his father. After completing his studies, Guiteau went to Europe, where he travelled several years, imbibing Socialistic and other eccentric doctrines. A few years ago he returned to this country, and lectured on the second advent of Christ. He published a pamphlet on the subject, in which the egotism of the man was plainly shown. He spoke of himself as a messenger of God to announce His coming. His lecture here in Lincoln Hall on this subject was a failure. Jules—we used to call him Julius, but I see he has dropped that part of his name—is now about forty or forty-two years old. From what I knew of the boy, his education in the Oneida Community, and his utterances on religion, I was not at all surprised at his committing the act this morning. I understand from people employed at the White House that Guiteau had forced himself upon the President before. He was an applicant for the consulship at Marseilles, and a few days ago obtained access to the President, and acted so rudely that the President had him removed. I have no doubt that, feeling offended by this act, he determined on the course which culminated in the terrible tragedy of this morning. Guiteau was hanging around the Republican head-quarters, No. 241 Fifth Avenue, New York, during the campaign last fall. He made a few speeches, but his efforts did not seem to be appreciated by the committee. He was poor and seedy-looking, and borrowed some money from Mr. Jewell after the election, and a few days before the committee broke up he asked Governor Jewell for a recommendation for a consulate. He specially urged that if he could secure a consulate, a certain rich lady would marry him. It is not known whether the Governor recommended him or not, but one thing is certain—he was looked upon as a person who was not exactly right in the upper story."

Guiteau said on his way to jail that the President's assassination was premeditated, and that he went to Long Branch for the purpose of shooting him there, and was deterred by the enfeebled and saddened condition of Mrs. Garfield, which appealed so strongly to his sense of humanity that he came back without carrying out his intention. Those by whom Guiteau has been examined since the shooting say that he shows no symptoms of insanity, and it is understood that the letter addressed "To the White House" is the only document in the collection which supports the theory of insanity.

When the prisoner arrived at the jail, he was neatly attired in a suit of blue, and wore a drab hat pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character. It is worthy of note that some days previously Guiteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused admittance, on the ground that it was not "visitors' day." He at that time mentioned his name as Guiteau, and said that he came from Chicago. When brought to the jail by the police, he was admitted by the officer who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Guiteau saying, "You are the man who wouldn't let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark he made before being placed in his cell was that General Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailers who are now guarding his cell state that they have seen him around the jail several times recently, and that on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits, subsequent to the first one mentioned, these officers say that Guiteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffold from which the Hirth murderers were hanged.

The assassin's reasons for the dastardly deed are given in the following letter found in his possession:

July 2, 1881.

To the White House:

The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party, and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little where one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear.

I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity.

I am a lawyer, a theologian, and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists, at 1420 New York Avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail. Charles Guiteau.

The following letter was found on the street soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unsealed, and addressed, "Please deliver at once to General Sherman, or his first assistant in charge of the War Department":

To General Sherman:

I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian, and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops, and take possession of the jail at once.

Very respectfully, Charles Guiteau.

On receiving the above, General Sherman gave it the following indorsement:

Head-quarters of the Army, Washington, D.C.,
July 2, 1881—11.35 A.M.

This letter was handed me this minute by Major W. J. Twining, United States Engineers, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of nor saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above-named parties as testimony in the case.

W. T. Sherman, General.

Detective McElfresh, who took the prisoner to jail, reports the following conversation with him while being conducted thither:

"I asked him, 'Where are you from?'

"'I am a native-born American—born in Chicago—and am a lawyer and a theologian.'

"'Why did you do this?'

"'I did it to save the Republican party.'

"'What are your politics?'

"'I am a Stalwart among the Stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way, we can carry all the Northern States, and with him in the way, we can't carry a single one.'"

Upon learning that McElfresh was a detective, Guiteau said: "You stick to me, and have me put in the third story, front, at the jail. General Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all those men are my friends, and I'll have you made Chief of Police. When you go back to the dépôt, you will find that I left two bundles of papers at the news stand, which will explain all."

"Is there anybody else with you in this matter?"

"Not a living soul. I have contemplated the thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her, and she looked so bad that I changed my mind."

THE PRESS ON THE CRIME.

From the New York Times (*Republican*).

The whole country is bowed with deep grief and indignation at this event. It is inevitable that it should be. There are few men who enjoy, and none who deserve to enjoy, the name of American citizen, to whom this crime does not bring a sense of personal sorrow and a profound feeling of patriotic humiliation. Whatever may have been the criticisms which they have passed upon the President, all American citizens must feel the "deep damnation" of this attempted "taking off." Almost at the outset of his term his life is assailed by a wretch who represents as distinctly the evil in our system as President Garfield represents the good. For though the murderer was obviously of disordered mind, it is impossible to ignore the causes which led immediately to this act—which directed his ill-regulated will to its final aim. He was a disappointed office-seeker, and he linked the bitterness of his personal disappointment with the passionate animosity of a faction. His resentment was inflamed and intensified by the assaults upon the President, which have been common in too many circles for the past few months.

From the New York Herald (*Independent*).

Should the President die, his fate would be a national calamity; for where a man, called by the voice of the people to the highest office in their gift, is thus forcibly assailed by violence and crime—where the will of one wild ruffian is put against the predilection of the nation—the victim of his assault is entirely lifted out of his individual character, and attains in an especial and peculiar sense a supremely representative quality; and every man of right mind feels that he is personally wronged by such a wrong against the head of the government. This appears only to be the wild act of a madman. Demonstration could hardly make a fact plainer than it now is that the assassin was crazy, and that he acted under an insane impulse in his conception that to have refused him an office was an outrage that called for the sacrifice of life.

From the Columbus (*Georgia*) *Enquirer-Sun* (*Democratic*).

The news of the attempt to take the life of the President caused intense excitement in this city. The deepest interest is felt throughout the entire community, and we but utter the sentiments of our citizens and of the whole people in this section when we express a sincere wish for his speedy recovery. His death will be looked upon by our people as a public calamity. Business security, public progress, and civilization receive this blow of the assassin. The South has cause for sadness, the Union for tears.

From the Baltimore American (*Republican*).

The assassination of President Garfield is the most serious calamity that has befallen this country since the birth of the republic. The death of Abraham Lincoln by the hand of Wilkes Booth, though not less horrible, was so plainly traceable to the malignant influences of the rebellion that it excited profound grief rather than actual alarm, and it did not for a moment raise a question as to the stability of the government. The assassination of President Garfield, on the contrary, occurring at a time when the country is peaceful and prosperous, and the loyalty of the South has ceased to be a cause of apprehension, is in the nature of a blow struck at the very life of republican institutions.

Whether the assassin had accomplices or not, whether his design was known to those who were to profit by his crime or not, the fact stands out in startling prominence that the murderer was, by his own confession, inspired with the same motives that have actuated the third-term conspirators from the very beginning, and that he fired the fatal shot for the distinct purpose of accomplishing their plots by the succession of Mr. Arthur to the Presidency. He may be, as there is some reason to believe, a monomaniac; but his monomania is identical, except as to its practical result, with that of Conkling and Cameron and Logan and Grant. If he was not the selected instrument of others, it will at least be admitted that a man better fitted for the work of an assassin could not well have been procured. Whatever may have been the part that this miserable wretch played, it is unhappily but too certain that assassination of President Garfield is the logical outcome of the third-term conspiracy. The Stalwarts have indeed destroyed the President at last. What the ultimate consequences of this *coup d'état* will be it is impossible at the moment to predict. The event is still too recent to be looked at calmly.

From the Atlanta (*Georgia*) *Constitution* (*Democratic*).

The news is unquestionably startling, but no thoughtful man will deny that it is the natural and appropriate outcome of the political insanity which goes by the name of Republicanism. Frenzy and fanaticism are the stream which have fed this remarkable organization from the first. The fury with which the Southern people have been pursued, the stupendous fraud of 1876, the acknowledged corruptions of 1880, the tremendous struggle between the factions, and the marvellous greed for office, all go to show that the life of an individual, even though that individual be Republican President of the United States, will not be allowed to stand in the way of those who are seeking place and power. There are thousands of Republicans in the North to-day as insane as the "Stalwart of the Stalwarts" who shot the President, and as ready to be made tools of. There are thousands of Republicans who would welcome a period of anarchy that would place in control of affairs the restless and revolutionary spirits who are determined, at all hazards, to control the government.

From the Boston Traveller (Republican).

It is unutterably shameful and inexpressibly sad. Every friend of reaction, every enemy of liberty, every champion of strong, absolute government, will take encouragement from this iniquitous deed. It is a plea for the rule of the ROMANOFFS and the BONAPARTES presented at the bar of history from the land of GEORGE WASHINGTON. Every citizen of the republic will feel to-day the hot blush of shame on his face, and a deep sense of irreparable wrong at his heart. It is a crime utterly without excuse, evil, base, and damnable. Words will wholly fail to give expression to the feelings that will crowd for utterance from every honest heart. As the news of this outrage upon the human race speeds from one branch to another of the family of nations, they can but sit in silence, and nurse the bitter wrath which they can not hope to adequately express.

From the New York Evening Post (Republican).

The terrible news came upon us like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. There is, in fact, nothing in the tragedy to suggest, what has probably occurred to a great many, some kind of moral connection between it and those which have recently disgraced two European capitals. It is hardly necessary to add that this event has given a shock to the minds and hearts of the American people only less grievous than that caused by the assassination of President LINCOLN, not only by reason of President GARFIELD'S personal popularity, but because every good citizen feels such an occurrence to be a national misfortune and disgrace, and because no one, to whatever party he may belong, can close his eyes to the political confusion which must ensue from such a change of administration as would follow his death. The anxious sympathies of the whole people, and the most ardent hopes for his recovery, will be with the President and his family in his present critical condition.

From the Charleston News and Courier (Democratic).

Such events as the tragedy yesterday lift people above personal and sectional considerations, and make the whole country kin. The only thought in Charleston was that the President had been slain, and that a blow through him had been aimed at the mighty heart of the whole Union. We do not pause to count the cost of the bloody work in its effect upon the relation of parties. Far be it from us to fix upon the Stalwarts a responsibility which is not directly theirs. But it can not be forgotten in this sad hour that the intrigues of CONKLING and the slanders of GRANT wrought up the miserable assassin of the President to the pitch of regarding the death of the President as a political necessity, that he proclaimed himself a Stalwart of Stalwarts, and boasts that he has made Vice-President ARTHUR, who is CONKLING'S man, the President of the United States. They who are to benefit by President GARFIELD'S death will be early in proclaiming their regret; and we do not question their sincerity. But they were the bitter foes of the President, and what the country will not forget is that the deed is done in their name, and that they and their followers will derive place and power from the President's death.

From the Albany Evening Journal (Republican).

No man ever deserved better of the republic. He had conspicuously illustrated in his career the genius of our institutions, of the magnificent opportunity which it offers to worth and intelligence. Every poor boy in the country had hope put in his bosom by reading his life. He was, in the best sense, a child of the republic, the offspring of its distinctive ideas, and as such the people, who so lately chose him as their Chief Magistrate, held him in the most respectful and affectionate regard.

From the Albany Argus (Democratic).

In the abhorrence of the assassination, in the purpose never to let it be naturalized here as a means to vacate offices or to wreak the revenges of displaced men, in respect for the rights and persons of our rulers, in the resolve that murder shall be made as unprofitable as it is infamous, in adherence to the law and to the officials chosen by the law, we are all Democrats and we are all Republicans.

From the New York Evening Express (Democratic).

The attempted assassination of the President has shocked the country beyond measure. The act was so dastardly and diabolical that friend and foe alike are outraged by it. There is only one party in America in view of such a crime as this. This country is not large enough for political assassins to live in. The race of king-killers can not get naturalized here. When a man becomes President, he represents the whole American people; he stands for the nation; he represents order, peace, and public good-will; he embodies the majesty of the republic. And the bullet fired at him strikes all that is patriotic and loyal, all that is manly and moral, all that is truly American, in the breasts of fifty millions of people. There is but one sentiment in the United States to-day—of loyalty to the republic, and shame and indignation that it has been assailed in the person of the President. It is of no consequence what led the assassin to fire the fatal shot. His act had no justification. It was diabolical. It admits of no palliation but madness. Every American must set his face like steel against the invasion of this country by the men who make the killing of rulers a trade. American liberty is kept sacred by a bulwark of law, and the hand that would destroy a constitutional President would apply the torch to the sacred temple of liberty itself.

From the Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle (Democratic).

Because this is the American Union, and because our President is the fit ruler of a free people, a wail of righteous indignation swells in unbroken chorus over this whole land, protesting against the gigantic wrong, and demanding justice against the villain who horrified the republic and disgraced the image of his Maker.

From the New York Sun (Independent).

No event since the assassination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN has created such a shock. The sensation of profound sorrow is universal. The American people have but one heart to-day, and it is overwhelmed with grief at this sudden, unexpected, and tragic striking down of their Chief Executive Magistrate. Our great holiday, the anniversary of the nation's birth, to-morrow, will be converted into a day of universal sorrow over one of the saddest events in our whole national history.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser (Republican).

At such a moment, and in such an awful calamity, words are powerless to express the grief and shame that will bow the head of every American citizen. No sadder tragedy could be conceived than is contained in this fiendish act, which will blacken the page of American history for all time to come. The death of the martyred LINCOLN was a great national sorrow. Yet there was about it something which gave it the appearance of a grand and gloomy drama. But in this base, cruel, senseless, brutal attempt at murder there is no compensating or palliating feature. It is a blow, not at a single life, but at the life of the republic, more felonious, more traitorous, more vile, than the act of rebellion. It threatens the existence of the nation. It is the senseless, savage, cold-blooded assassination of a nation through the heart of its most honored citizen.

From the New York Tribune (Republican).

Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable. That this grand President, so great and good, so kindly and so true, whose life seemed so full of promise for the land, should be stricken down, seems beyond human understanding. And yet the Infinite Father has been too good to this people for us to doubt that His care is over us still. Perhaps this nation needed to be taught some things which only a great affliction and shame could teach. Perhaps it needed to be taught that the worship of man had gone too far. Perhaps it was necessary in order to save this country from gradual Mexicanization to force home the conviction that the spirit of faction is at war with the very existence of free institutions.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ASSASSIN.

A COMET blazed across the heavens when CÆSAR died, and a comet fainter and milder lights the sky when a wiser and better ruler than CÆSAR has fallen stricken by an assassin's blow. The interval of two thousand years has not banished the fatal crime, the most odious and detestable of all. Yet in civilized and educated countries it has become almost as rare as the appearance of those erratic stars by which it was once thought to be heralded. And in no country is it so unusual as in our own. One mournful instance alone had admonished us of the perils of official station. But never has the nation been so shocked and horrified as when it was told that its Chief Magistrate, in the midst of ease, prosperity, and peace, had been shot down in its capital. Free institutions, it is supposed, bring immunity to the ruler, who is so soon to be removed or changed, and it is only against the despot and the tyrant that the hand of violence is raised. But for the fate of President GARFIELD, amiable and excellent, all parties and factions show an equal astonishment and grief; all trust that he may recover from the wounds whose pains he bears so cheerfully; all remember his rare services to his country, his pure and spotless life, and wonder how such a man can have found so unmerited a doom. Do free institutions encourage assassins? Are we turning back to the crimes and madness of Mexico and Peru? The horrible thought has flashed upon some minds not altogether irrational that a single instance is sufficient to prove a rule, and the sudden horror of the moment has checked the use of reason and reflection. It is safe to say that no country has been so free from the odious crime of assassination as ours, and that Americans have never aimed the secret weapon against the lives of their rulers. BOOTH and the SURRATS were of foreign extraction, and the latest assassin is of foreign descent. It is a curious and instructive fact.

In dark and barbarous ages assassination was the most common of crimes. The comet that blazed over Senlac and the battle of Hastings brought, it would seem, to the line of English and Norman kings a series of dreadful deeds and fearful lives and deaths. WILLIAM RUFUS died by the assassin's shaft; the lives of the cruel kings were seldom safe in the midst of their plots against each other. RICHARD II., EDWARD II., HENRY VI., the murdered princes, RICHARD III., all met with some fearful doom. Queen ELIZABETH seemed never for a moment safe from assassination, yet escaped by a wonderful chance; his enemies, PHILIP, ALVA, the Pope and the Jesuits, MARY and the Catholic lords, surrounded her with a net-work of villainy; her successor, JAMES, was nearly blown up with gunpowder in his council-chamber. WILLIAM III. of Orange was always in peril. In those happy days kings like LOUIS XIV. and JAMES II. calmly planned the murder of their neighbors, and assassination was the fashionable crime. WILLIAM III., more fortunate than his great ancestor, escaped his assassins. In Queen ANNE'S time HARLEY was stabbed, and the streets of London were at night full of riot and violence. GEORGE III. was often shot at, and sometimes pelted by his faithful lieges with sharp stones. In the THISTLEWOOD plot (1820) it was proposed to destroy the king, GEORGE IV., and the ministers at a blow; and even Queen VICTORIA, whose popular reign has seldom given offense, has been the mark several times for the assassin's weapon. But the British sovereigns have in modern times uniformly escaped from their pursuers. LINCOLN and GARFIELD, of the American Presidents, have been less happy.

Assassination was the peculiar vice of that corrupt period known as the Renaissance. A little learning and giant passions turned men into monsters. Italy was the scene of endless crimes. Popes poisoned their cardinals, and cardinals their popes. The BORGIAS made murder a pastime. The Venetian oligarchy took off their enemies by secret violence. Even Pope LEO X., it was believed, died of a poisoned draught. Later, the religious wars added a new impulse of cruelty, and human life seemed to lose its value. COLIGNY was wounded in the streets of Paris, and the general massacre followed. GUISE did not long survive him. Good-natured and profligate HENRY IV. fell by the assassin's dagger, and the virtuous WILLIAM the Silent, after many attempts openly prepared by his enemies, perished at last, the martyr of modern progress. France under its later governments has been the scene of endless plots and attempts to kill its rulers. One of the most noted was that of the fanatic FIESCHI. He prepared a machine composed of twenty-five gun-barrels, which he aimed from a window at LOUIS PHILIPPE and his sons as they passed. The effect of the discharge was fearful. Forty persons fell killed or wounded around the king; a bullet even grazed his forehead; but he escaped, and went on gathering his millions, and despising his people, until they expelled him. France under LOUIS PHILIPPE was a land of office-seekers. The government had one hundred and thirty thousand places at its disposal. "It succeeded," said LAMARTINE, "in making a nation of citizens a vile band of beggars." LOUIS NAPOLEON wore his charmed life in the midst of daggers and conspiracies. The bombs of ORSINI failed to reach him. Assassins followed him in vain. He lived to corrupt and destroy his country. In still more recent times Europe has never wanted its assassins. Italy has had its PASSANANTE, and Spain its savage radicals. BISMARCK'S life has been attempted several times. The brave German Emperor wears upon his brow the marks of the shot that were meant to destroy him. The recent fearful catastrophe in distant Russia—the death of one Czar, after frequent assaults, by a most horrible doom, and the terrors of his successor—shows a condition of society that recalls the days of the VISCONTIS and the BORGIAS. But the Russian line has been familiar with sudden death, secret murder, and conspiracy since CATHERINE II. and PETER the Great.

It is a poor consolation in the moment of grief, yet we may reflect with satisfaction that the most odious of crimes is rare among us. Our Governors, Presidents, and rulers have nothing to fear, for the people make and unmake them. Once a furious madman made an assault upon General JACKSON'S life, which failed. Then the half-crazed BOOTH and his associates filled Washington and the world with horror. Last—and the dreadful deed seems still incredible—a disappointed office-seeker has covered a continent with dismay. Weak in mind, unwilling to work honestly and truly, this last assassin resembles several of his predecessors. RAVAILLAC, who climbed upon the wheel of HENRY IV.'s coach and stabbed him to the heart, was a visionary and a fanatic, mindless, indolent, steeped in poverty. CLEMENT, who murdered HENRY III., was a half-crazed monk. The assassin of WILLIAM the Silent was of the same visionary character. The assailants of GEORGE III. and Queen VICTORIA were almost idiots. THISTLEWOOD, who was hanged and then beheaded, with the lingering cruelty of the time, in 1820, was a blunderer so stupid as to throw doubt upon the whole conspiracy. The Nihilist assassins, on the other hand, are full of mental activity. Had GUITEAU been brought up to regular and healthful labor, had he worked upon a farm or in a factory, how easily might he have escaped a fearful crime! But he refused to work. He became the most contemptible of men, a habitual office-seeker. His crime may at least teach young men to seek health of mind and body in useful labor. It may hasten, too, the time when places under the government shall be given by some regular law, and the President cease to be the object of the ill-will of every idle and worthless applicant for office. Let us devise at once some new mode of selecting the countless officials of the nation.

But, alas! the deed is done; the victim suffers; the country mourns and trembles. Whether Mr. GARFIELD survives or is taken from us, the government will move on unchecked. It lives in the people, and he too will live. He will be remembered for the courage he showed in the army of the republic, the zeal with which he defended the cause of freedom. He was noted in the camp for his active ardor, and in Congress he stood side by side with the most advanced men of those perilous times. Heart to heart they labored for the people. May they never more be divided!

EUGENE LAWRENCE.